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NOTES OF THE WEEK

Sir Auckland Geddes tells us that the Allies intend to get the ex-Kaiser out of Holland, tried, and punished—he ought to have added, if they can. He did indeed provide for possible failure by saying that if Holland refused on grounds of international law, the Allies would request the Dutch to intern him on some remote island. Java would do very well: it is far enough off, and the climate on the uplands is so good that William may there chew the cud of defeat for many years. The refusal of Baron von Lersner to transmit the list of demanded prisoners to his Government, and his departure from Paris, can surprise no one. No German Government, which agreed to surrender Ludendorff and Hindenburg, not to mention the others, could live a day. The German attitude is "Come and take your prisoners," and it is exactly what England would have said in a like case. These prisoners should have been demanded in the Armistice, instead of wasting a year over the League of Nations.

Lord Grey has explained clearly and coolly the American deadlock over the Peace Treaty and the Covenant of the League of Nations. The whole trouble has arisen from the unconstitutional and reckless conduct of Mr. Wilson. The President of the United States deliberately violated the Constitution of which he was the sworn guardian, and he did so knowing that the majority in the Senate were his political opponents, and having been warned by the November elections of Congressmen that popular opinion in the constituencies was not behind him. When the Chief Magistrate in a republican country defies the Constitution, there must be trouble. Had Mr. Wilson separated the Treaty of Peace from the Covenant of the League of Nations, instead of tying them together, the Senate

would probably have ratified the Peace Treaty long ago, and discussed the League of Nations at their leisure.

One of the obstacles to a settlement is, Lord Grey explains, that Britain and her Dominions are to have six votes in the Council of the League of Nations to one given to the United States, with a population nearly twice as large. This arises from the separate votes given to the British self-governing Dominions, which are, as Lord Grey truly says, no longer colonies in the old sense of the term, but independent communities connected by "the golden link" of the British Crown. Lord Grey has no objection to increasing the votes of the United States, but he stoutly refuses to reduce the votes of the British Dominions. There is, however, a provision in the Covenant which reduces, if it does not destroy, this difficulty in practice. No nation, or voting unit, is to vote on an issue in which it has a corporate interest, that is, on any dispute to which it is a party. If, for instance, there was a dispute between Britain and her Dominions and the United States, neither party would vote.

While we recognise the advantages and justice of this arrangement, we see its disadvantages and injustice. Suppose, for instance, a dispute arose between Japan, or Spain, or Scandinavia, and Britain, involving, of course, the interests of our Colonial Dominions. The six votes of Britain and her Dominions could not be used; but the American vote could, and might be, cast against us. Is it likely that the British Empire would submit to such a decision? If the Americans are too slow in ratifying the Covenant and the Peace, Britain has been in too great a hurry to realise its idealism. Mr. Lloyd George allowed himself to be hustled by Mr. Wilson into accepting a Covenant without adequate study of its possible results. The American Senate is wiser than Messrs. Wilson and Lloyd George. Both the Covenant and the Treaty of Peace will require revision, as we are glad to see Lord Robert Cecil admits.

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What Lord Grey failed to effect by eight months' residence at Washington he has accomplished by a letter to the *Times*. He has brought the American Senate and President Wilson to their senses: he has made them realise how their conduct appears to other people, and induced them to envisage the serious consequences of their delay in ratifying the Peace Treaty. We have repeatedly stated our opinion that Senator Lodge and the Republican senators are right in insisting on reservations: it is President Wilson who has been wrong in refusing to accept them. At one time it looked as if the quarrel would be carried over to the next presidential elections. But probably by the time these lines appear, certainly within the ensuing week, we have the best reasons for hoping that the matter will be settled, and the German expectation of creating a schism between America and Britain will be disappointed.

Never before has there been such charming unanimity as to the means necessary for the nation's salvation. According to Sir Richard Vassar Smith, four things are needful: 1. Increased production. 2. Harder work for the producers. 3. Private economy. 4. Public retrenchment. And so say all of us! The only difficulty is how to get any of the four things put in practice. It might seem that 1 and 2 are identical; but they are not. There is a slightly increased production of coal, for instance, but it has been obtained by a reduced output per man, and an increased number of men employed at higher wages for shorter hours. That means increased cost, which is not going to save us. Tell the men that they must work harder, and they will laugh in your face. Tell the profiteer that he must put down his motor and stop drinking champagne, and he will invite you to dinner with a pat on the back. Tell the Government that they must drop spending money on Socialistic schemes, and they will reply that you are not a practical politician.

The study of the foreign exchanges is popularly supposed to lead to a lunatic asylum; and it is a subject that requires a clear and steady head. Truismatically Mr. Glass, the American Financial Secretary, has observed that Britain can only pay the interest and principal of her debt to America by sending gold, goods, or securities. That debt is £800,000,000, and competent authorities believe that we can pay off £100,000,000 a year, and so in seven or eight years cry quits with America. The way in which the indebtedness of one country to another is discharged was strikingly illustrated in the last year of the last century. In the middle of the Victorian era British investors lent large sums of money to American railroads to project their lines into the prairies. Some of the earliest investors were thereby ruined, Cobden amongst them, for the American railway magnates did not hesitate to repudiate, scale down interest, and assess shareholders. By the end of the century the railways were paying handsomely, and the Americans then proceeded to buy back for gold, or goods, the paper securities held by Britons.

That produced the great American railway boom of 1899. America sent gold or goods to England, and England sent what Mr. A. M. Samuel calls "sheepskins" (mortgage bonds) to America. The dollar fell and the pound sterling rose in consequence, not sensationally, but 20 cents out of \$5. Can we now reverse the process, and by sending gold or goods to America get back in exchange our sheepskins, or instruments of indebtedness? Gold we certainly cannot send; can we send goods? What is called the unfavourable American Exchange is in one sense not bad for us. A pound sterling can now be bought for \$3.50 instead of \$4.80, which makes British goods so much the cheaper for American purchasers, and we know, on good authority, that British "luxury goods" are in demand in America. An invasion of American tourists, however unpleasant, is another means of righting the exchange, as they have the same effect as an importation of British goods by America. The competition for American bills in the London bill-market by

French, Dutch, or Scandinavian shippers to America is an embarrassing factor, and tends to make the exchange worse, though whether the practice can be stopped is more than we know.

Will Mr. Churchill succeed in getting 345,000 young men with sufficient patriotism to give gratuitously and voluntarily the time necessary for drilling and musketry practice? That seems to be the question, for the fifteen days a year in camp at treble the pre-war wages cannot surely be a difficulty. Paradoxically, the Great War has injured rather than promoted the chance of success for the Territorial Army. For the youth of Britain have seen that without any preparation at all they have beaten Germany after a strenuous preparation of forty years. Why therefore prepare by the boredom of drilling? Football in the afternoon and cinemas at night with your "best girl" are more amusing than forming fours and presenting arms. Further, the whole force of Trade Unionism will be directed against Mr. Churchill's scheme, partly because the Trade Unionists object to any army at all, as strike-breakers, and partly because Mr. Churchill has offended them.

Confiscation is the forcible transference of the property of one class either to another class or to the State. When five-sixths of the cost of a war or of running the State is paid by a forty-fifth of the population, the taxation of that class becomes confiscation. Such is the fiscal position to-day in Great Britain. Five-sixths of the revenue are raised by taxation on income and capital, and those taxes are paid (after subtracting the infinitesimal income-tax at the bottom of the scale) by about one million out of forty-five millions. Let us not therefore boggle over an ugly word: confiscation is the order of the day; and as more money must be had, there must be more confiscation. The only question is, What form shall it take? There seem to be four possible forms: 1. The raising of the income tax. 2. The reduction of the interest on all War Loans. 3. The reduction of the principal of the War Loans. 4. A levy or raid on accumulated capital. Which of these four forms of robbery will be adopted will not be left to the option of the robbed. Who ever asked the eel how he would like to be skinned?

Of the above-named four modes of confiscation, we think 1 or 4, or both, will be chosen, and for this reason. The horny-handed sons of idleness, the privileged classes, are quite determined that they won't pay. They have fought, they say, and so they have, and bravely: but the owners of property have also fought with equal bravery, and their proportionate losses of life and limb have been greater. This point, if pressed, cannot be denied; so the horny-handed ones are obliged to fall back on the argument, "We are the greater poll," to which there is no answer but submission. As the manual employees have, either individually or through insurance and benefit societies and trade unions, invested some of their exorbitant wages in War Loans, any proposal to scale down interest or write off capital would be countered by the hypocritical cry of national honour, etc. As if it was more honourable to rob a small and helpless class than a large and powerful class of citizens!

The action of the Authorities in allowing the exhibition of 'The Auction of Souls' film is deplorable, indeed, discreditable. The film itself is bound to be "a fake," for we can hardly believe that the Turkish soldiers paused in their alleged work of butchery to allow the camera to do its business. The film must have been produced in England or America, and has as much relation to fact as the sham struggle between a man and a woman which we witnessed the other day on the embankment, ending in the woman's being tossed over the balustrade into the river, whence she was fished out. The moral effects of the film must be bad, because it will tend to excite hatred against the Turk, with whom we are obliged to live on terms in

Asia Minor, and because it panders to the love of sights of cruelty and indecency. Sexual lust and cruelty are first cousins, as the gladiatorial games proved long ago.

The present Lord Selborne, in the days of his hot and ambitious youth, wanted to be called "my lord," to paint a coronet on his panels, to enjoy social precedence, and at the same time to sit in the House of Commons, and participate in its exciting debates. A strong Committee, composed of Messrs. Asquith, Balfour, Chamberlain, Dilke, Healy, and Curzon, reported in 1895 that as a peer he was disabled from sitting in the House of Commons. The only conclusion to be picked out of the five verbose and confused volumes of Lord Redesdale's Report on the Dignity of a Peer (1820-29) is that a seat in the House of Lords is not an appanage of a peerage, but is dependent on a writ of summons, which by custom immemorial has been addressed to the holders of certain peerages (United Kingdom and England), at the beginning of a new Parliament. In one notorious case the peerage was separated from a seat in the House of Lords. Lord Bolingbroke was attainted by Act of Parliament after his flight in 1714. Some ten or twelve years later an Act was passed restoring his estates and title, but forbidding him to sit in the House of Lords.

Two things are therefore clear: that a peer cannot sit in the House of Commons, and that a seat in the House of Lords has nothing to do with his disability. We submit that, if Lord Astor is disabled from sitting in the House of Commons, his wife is so too, because, as she shares his dignities and privileges, so she shares his disabilities. We do not think that the short Act passed to enable women to sit in the House of Commons touches the legal status of a peeress. The wife of an Irish peer (not a representative peer) would be eligible to the House of Commons, because her husband is. As a compensation for the abolition of the Irish House of Lords in 1800 it was provided by the Act of Union that Irish peers might be elected to the House of Commons. The same privilege was given to Scotch peers, but they have never availed themselves of it. Some foolish persons have asked us: Why should Nancy Witcher not sit for Plymouth? The answer is, because she is legally disqualified; and the law is still the law, though it may be an Ass.

Someone well versed in the politics of the Labour Party has said to us: "You need not worry about Nancy Witcher: she will never be returned again. The electors of Plymouth are neither more nor less foolish than other constituencies, and they are perfectly aware that Nancy knows nothing about politics, and has rather less than the usual qualifications of a candidate. But the Astors have spent a good deal of money at Plymouth, and the electors saw an easy way of repaying the obligation with an expression of gratitude. They will, however, not repeat the operation." This is very likely a true reading of the situation; but there may in the meantime be other ambitious peeresses, Lady Warwick, for instance.

If the Government are really determined to force their Home Rule Bill on Ireland, the chief point of difference will be the definition of Ulster. One section of the Irish Unionists are in favour of including all the nine counties, believing, or hoping, that the balance of the Protestants and Catholics will produce moderation on both sides. Opposed to the Balance of Power party are the Intransigents, headed by Sir James Craig, who, it is understood, are in favour of the six counties in the North-East corner forming the legislative unit. The colour of the six counties is, of course, deep Orange.

Mr. Asquith is decidedly "a whole-hogger" (to revive a bit of tariff-reform slang) on Home Rule for Ireland. For he would give the Irish control over their Customs and Excise, and, of course, over the police and the judges, while he is willing "to risk a Republic." This means that in Mr. Asquith's opinion the Irish are too shrewd to impose Customs on British

goods, or to cut themselves off from the great British Empire. But all this is not only assumption, but assumption in the teeth of the evidence of history. When have the Irish shown themselves shrewd, or even sensible in political affairs? In 1782 the Irish Parliament was made independent, a Parliament elected by, and composed of, not the wild Irish Celts, but the Protestants, the fine flower of the Irish aristocracy, the commercial classes, and the Bar. Grattan's Parliament was so corrupt, so quarrelsome, and so hostile to England, that Pitt was forced to abolish it by the Act of Union. Why does Mr. Asquith suppose that a Parliament elected by Sinn Feiners would behave more sensibly or shrewdly?

Mr. L. J. Maxse calls loudly for the heads of Mr. Asquith and Lord Haldane on a charger, as responsible for our unpreparedness for war. Sir Edward Carson from the chair appears to endorse the demand. But it seems to us that Mr. Maxse and Sir Edward Carson should widen their indictment, for it is really the democracy, the British nation, that they impeach. After the South African War Lord Roberts, as Commander-in-Chief, enjoyed more power and popularity than any successful soldier before or since. Yet neither he, nor Mr. Arnold Forster, nor Mr. Brodrick, made any attempt to introduce national military service. It was only six years after the Tories had left power, when Lord Roberts had neither power nor responsibility, that he recommended national service to a nation absorbed in the Irish question. Not that it would have made the least difference had the Tories been in power in 1912: nothing would have been done. If Mr. Maxse can cure democratic politicians of the belief that nothing matters but Labour and Irish votes, he will do more good than by impeaching Mr. Asquith or Lord Haldane.

We are glad that Lord Milner has at last realised the absurd indignity of waiting until Zaglul Pasha and his tail of Turkish effendis have made up their minds to acknowledge his authority and state their demands. The newspapers tell us that the Milner Commissioners are packing their portmanteaus and coming home. The native official class in Egypt is composed of Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Levantines, many of them before the war in the pay of Germany and Austria. These are the men who are bawling about national aspirations and Egyptian independence, and who are trying to stir up the fellaheen. Luckily the peasant proprietors have made so much money out of their cotton crops that the political agitator is coldly received. We are all in favour of abolishing the Capitulations and the advisory system. But it must be replaced, not by Home Rule, for which Egypt is quite unfitted, but by the direct government of British officials.

Ever since the death of Gordon Bennett, about two years ago, the editorship of the *New York Herald* has been in commission. A newspaper can no more be edited by a board than an army can be commanded by a debating society. The amalgamation of the *New York Herald* with the *Sun* under a strong editor will give the Republican party in the Eastern States a new and formidable organ. There has been much correspondence in our columns about the feeling of America towards England. There are at least four Americas; there is the East, the Middle West, the West, and the South. In each of them, we fear, except perhaps the South, there are two permanently anti-English factors, the Irish and the German, and nothing can alter this. To those of us who can remember the intellectual claims of Boston thirty or forty years ago it is news that the centre of cultural gravity has shifted to Chicago. But such is the fact.

Cobbett tells us in his 'Legacy to Parsons' that after the close of the Napoleonic war a large number of officers retired on halfpay went into the Church, and drew their half-pay in addition to their incomes as clergymen! As half-pay officers are liable to service in case of war, it is astonishing that they should have

become clergymen. Very few "demobbed" officers would now, we fancy, enter the Church as a profession, as, unless some drastic financial reform takes place in the Church, many clergymen will come on the rates as paupers. There is something like a stampede from the Army of the pre-war type of gentlemen-officers. There are many reasons for this. After the excitement of the Great War young men will not settle down to the routine of barracks in a provincial town; and there is a prevalent idea that under the rule of democracy the Army will be no place for gentlemen. Discipline will be lax, and with the admixture of "rankers" the old club-life of a regiment will be impossible. Mr. Churchill ought to use these ex-officers as adjutants and instructors of his Territorial Army.

Immediate legislation ought to be introduced to relieve the clergy of the rate upon tithes. The parson's house and glebe land are rated like any other house in the parish: but it is iniquitous that the tithe should be treated as "a rateable hereditament," and that the incumbent should have to pay two rates, in addition to his income tax. It would be better to disestablish the Church and leave members of the Anglican communion to pay their own clergy, than to allow rectors, vicars, and curates to sink into a condition of poverty below that of most of their parishioners. No man can wield authority, or even secure respect, in these circumstances. The Vicar of Rusper has been ruined by the lawyers, and has declared himself bankrupt, perhaps happily for his future.

If proof were wanting of the selfishness and meanness of those who have made large fortunes out of the war, it is to be found in the fact that the £50,000 to buy Bemersyde for Lord Haig is not yet subscribed. Marlborough had his Blenheim, which cost over a million, and Wellington had his Strathfieldsaye, which cost close on half a million; while the attempt to present Lord Haig with a small country house still lags. Such is the ingratitude of democracy towards all but those who flatter its follies, or pander to its amusement. A music hall mime, a film-posturer, will make his thousand a week; and Lord Haig retires with a paltry £100,000, an earldom, when earls are as cheap as blackberries, and a letter from Mr. Churchill.

From a gastronomic point of view, have we ever passed through a period of more bitter discomfort in the worst days of the war? You begin the day badly with a sixpenny egg and a saccharin tablet in your tea. By one o'clock you must strip and prepare for a real "scrum" in some restaurant or club for a place at a lunch table. At dinner, after toying with some black and half-thawed meat from one of our great Dominions, you finish up with sour bottled fruit and custard instead of cream. To parody Disraeli's famous epigram on life, Breakfast is a disappointment; Luncheon a struggle; and Dinner a regret. On venturing to murmur these complaints into the ear of a friend, he replied brutally, "If the Germans had won, the British Working Man would have cut your throat." A sombre and silencing reply.

Here are a few sentences from Isaac Disraeli's 'Character of James I.' "From the days of Elizabeth to those of the Charleses, Cabinet transmitted to Cabinet the caution to preserve the kingdom from the evils of an overgrown metropolis. . . . A statute against the erection of new buildings was passed by Elizabeth; and from James to his successors proclamations were continually issued to forbid any growth of the City. But proclamations were not listened to nor read, and the Government were at length driven to the desperate 'Order in Council' to pull down all new houses within ten miles of the metropolis — and further, to direct the Attorney-General to indict all those sojourners in town who had country houses, and mulct them in ruinous fines. The rural gentry were to abide in their own counties, and by their housekeeping in those parts were to guide and relieve the meaner people according to the ancient usage of the English nation."

THE OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION.

AT a crowded meeting in the hall of the Mansion House on Friday, January 30th, Lord Beatty, Lord Haig, and Sir Hugh Trenchard launched a scheme for the formation of an Officers' Association, designed to help all who have served in the commissioned ranks of our sea, land and air forces; and appealed to the public for funds to enable the Association to get to work. The proposal at once invites two questions. Why is this new organisation confined to officers, and why is the public asked to undertake a duty which should be an obligation upon the State? Both of these questions were answered by Lord Haig at the Mansion House. During the later stages of the War a number of organisations were started to look after the interests of those who have served in the forces. Some of these included officers amongst their members, while others were confined to the non-commissioned ranks, but with few exceptions they devoted their chief energies to the care of the ex-soldier rather than the ex-officer. A number of these Associations have now a very large membership and a well-established organisation with flourishing branches in all parts of the country. To unite these associations into a single body, to obtain agreement amongst them as to the disposal of the effects which they have laboriously accumulated, must necessarily be a matter for negotiation which will take time. To ignore their existence and to attempt to attract their members to a more powerful association formed under the auspices of the chiefs of the services was a course which no one would approve. The unification of all associations of ex-service men of all ranks is an aim which the promoters of the Officers' Association have definitely in view, but it is not immediately practicable.

The problem of combining the bodies which help officers is much simpler. Most of these consist of organisations started during the War for the care of disabled officers, or of their wives and families, or for the purpose of finding employment for demobilised and retired officers. They have been managed by devoted persons who have voluntarily given long years of incessant work to a task still far from being ended. Some of these workers are weary, others are now finding that there are other calls upon their time. Certain of these associations are running out of funds, for their appeals to the public no longer meet with the response which they obtained during the war. Between those which are still flourishing there is inevitably some overlapping and waste of energy, while there is avoidable extravagance in a multiplicity of staffs. One of the first objects of the Officers' Association is to bring all these concerns under one central organization, which shall be responsible for the collection and distribution of funds and shall secure economy of administration.

The State has not yet accustomed itself to the change in the position of the officers which has resulted from the War. In the past it has, on the whole, kept faith with the men in the ranks, because it has realised that if it failed to do so, it would not under a voluntary system get men to serve. The officer, who was normally a man with some private means and with friends who could assist him, has been left to look after himself. He can do so no longer. Fully ninety per cent. of the ex-officers who now require assistance have been promoted from the ranks, many of them against their wish. They responded to the appeal made to them to accept commissions, undertook greater responsibilities, and faced greater risks, for the proportion of casualties amongst regimental officers has been very materially higher than that amongst the rank and file. They have been taken by the State out of their groove, and have been left, with wholly inadequate assistance from the State, to start again in life. The unemployed man has received a dole from the State; the unemployed officer has not. Even in the matter of finding employment the State has been more successful in dealing with the man than with the officer. The proportion of officers to men is approximately as 1 to 25. There are to-day some 20,000 officers out of employment through no fault of their

own, while the number of ex-soldiers out of work is certainly under 300,000. There are 33,000 officers who are trying to eke out an existence, in many cases with a wife and children, on an average pension of £70 a year.

For all these reasons the ex-officer's problem is one which will not brook delay. The State has not met, and possibly cannot meet, the bare necessities of those who served in the commissioned ranks during the War. Both Lord Beatty and Lord Haig produced to the audience at the Mansion House heart-rending cases of distress, and they could have multiplied these almost indefinitely. It rests with the public to remove a scandal which is to-day a national disgrace. The King's Fund, freely supported during the War, has done admirable work in setting upon their feet officers whose means of livelihood has been diminished or totally destroyed during the last five years. To-day that fund has ceased to exist, and it has turned over its work to the Officers' Association. The immediate needs of the Association are £70,000 a year to assist disabled officers, £100,000 to carry on the work of the King's Fund, £150,000 for the care of officers' families in distress, £50,000 for the provision of employment and resettlement. Towards this the Association has at its command the sum of £70,000 as a capital grant from Lord Byng's United Services Fund. That is the fund formed from the profits made by the Field Force Canteens during the War. It has also a sum of £50,000 which is earmarked for disabled officers. Lord Haig appealed to the City of London for the sum of £500,000 for the work of the Association. As, he said, it is a small enough ransom for our obligations to those who saved our Empire in the hour of need and preserved London from the fate which has overtaken Vienna. It is a smaller sum than the first contribution levied by the Germans upon Brussels. It is the merest trifle in comparison with the payment which would have been exacted from us, had not these men given us victory.

Grave as is the distress which prevails to-day amongst those who have served in the fighting forces, we hope and believe that it is temporary. If the Nation does its duty, as it surely will, employment will be found, the disabled will be cared for, the dependants of those who have served will be relieved. The promoters of the Officers' Association look to something more permanent than the removal of a national scandal. They appeal to all officers who have served, or are serving, in the defensive forces to join the Association and to form a great brotherhood, a nucleus round which all who have worn His Majesty's uniform shall rally. That such a body, inspired with that spirit of loyalty and comradeship, which has been the outcome of common service against a common enemy, will be a potent factor for good in the national life none can gainsay. It will be the best possible antidote to unrest, and will supply the best answer to those subversive doctrines which are to-day a source of real danger to the State. On this ground alone the Officers' Association merits the support of every thinking citizen.

THE ATROCITY FILM.

WE are not altogether clear as to the precise relationship between the League of Nations and the League of Nations Union, whose imprimatur is affixed to the Turkish atrocity film at the Albert Hall. We should like to think that there is no connexion between the two organisations, but in the absence of any positive evidence to the contrary we are driven to assume that the League of Nations is not antipathetic towards this latest enterprise for the promotion of international good feeling. It was a bright idea to encourage the spirit of brotherhood among the peoples by showing them how during the war the Turks starved, tortured and outraged thousands of defenceless Armenians. The kind of propaganda here foreshadowed is clearly susceptible of some interesting developments. We may shortly hope to see the imperial bureaucracy of Great Britain denounced by means of a hectic recon-

struction of recent events at Amritsar and the iniquitous industrialism of Japan held up to the world's obloquy by means of pathetic cinema dramas of industrial life in the factories of Tokio. Sympathy might next be invited for the American negro by realistic pictures of lynching episodes in the Western States. There is no end to the possible developments of a system of international education so nicely calculated to promote kind feeling among the peoples of the earth. We have long awaited proof that the education of public opinion in favour of the League of Nations has been receiving the serious attention of intelligent Leaguers. Such a proof is now liberally afforded at the Albert Hall. Here, at last, we have a sample of the new international propaganda which is to restore peace and goodwill to the world. For three hours we may look at leisure upon rape and massacre, upon children flung into the water, upon women flogged and crucified and outraged with all the refinements of an oriental sadism, upon men stabbed and burned. Afterwards we may go home to dream of the millennium and to reflect upon the notable contribution here offered towards a settlement of the Near Eastern problem.

The police apparently took a thoroughly obscurantist view of these proceedings. Their attention was drawn to a film entitled 'Auction of Souls,' and they came to the conclusion that it was subversive of public morals. They apparently held that realistic scenes of licence and crime are more likely to brutalise the spectator than to arouse in him an altruistic passion for reform. The police, poor fellows, take a low view of humanity. They see civilisation as a thin surface covering abysses of potential lawlessness. They fear the effect upon a public, which already has an unwholesome liking for murder and rape as reconstructed in the accommodating press, of witnessing the ingenious orgies of the Kurds. So objections were raised. Finally it was decided that certain portions of the film, seen in private by the necessary officials and some privileged notables, should be deleted. The actual picture shown at the Albert Hall is a bowdlerised version of the original. Let not the public, thirsting for international propaganda, be discouraged, however. We assure them that enough propaganda remains to satisfy the greediest amateur of international politics. The film is constructed on the principle that it is impossible to have too much of a bad thing. The women whose fortunes we follow through the wilds of Armenia are ingeniously required to be present at every kind of outrage, actual or alleged, which the Turkish Government connived at or encouraged during the deportations. Readers of the Bryce report have only to imagine the evidence presented in a picture play and they will know what to expect. They must also allow for the fact that the "drama" is based upon the clamant letterpress of a story appealing in the crudest way to the nerves and passions of its readers and exhibited with the aid of all the devices practised by the most frenzied creators of the modern cinema.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that it is a wise and helpful enterprise at this moment to inflame the English public with hatred of the Turk. Is the film at the Albert Hall likely to have that effect? Is 'Auction of Souls,' considered simply as propaganda, likely to help the cause of the propagandists? Nothing, we imagine, could be less likely to do so. Propaganda, to make any substantial progress, must avoid any appearance of over-stating the facts, more particularly when it is presented in the form of incidents rehearsed by professional mimes before the camera. The public reacts instinctively against anything too outrageously remote from experience when it is presented in the form of an obvious fake, even though the facts presented are supported by evidence. The Turks might have suffered real damage from a reticent exposure of their methods in Armenia. A picture which piles up horrors beyond our capacity for belief throws the plain man back upon a flat incredulosity of the whole indictment. We venture to think that ninety per cent. of those who really receive 'Auction of Souls' as propaganda (and not as a modern equivalent for the vanished

amenities of the classical arena) come away from the Albert Hall protesting that the whole thing is obviously contrived. In addition to this there is the natural disgust of all the more decent members of the audience at finding that a responsible public organisation is prepared to recommend its cause to the public by methods calculated to degrade public intelligence to the level of its lowest common denominator.

Even if it were essential for us all to hate the Turk to-morrow, 'Auction of Souls' would be a doubtful adventure. It remains for us to ask the League of Nations Union what useful purpose they think will be served by the stimulation of such a hatred? The object of the film was, perhaps, clearer to the Americans, for whom it was presumably designed in the first instance. A foolish zealot might believe that the United States could be stampeded by indignation into accepting a mandate for Armenia by a crude exhibition of Turkish crimes and misdemeanours. America, moreover, has no complicated responsibilities in the East, and need have no misgivings about showing a Holy Man of the East flogging an Armenian girl to death for refusing to accept the Moslem faith. The utility of such propaganda in the British Empire is less obvious. At present it is clear that the Turk will have to be reckoned with, if not at Constantinople, at least in Anatolia. The Turkish power will in any event be formidable. It will march with a number of South Russian Republics, whose future policy is wholly problematic; with Mesopotamia and Persia, where British interests are important; with territories in Syria and Asia Minor, where several European powers are to be involved in novel responsibilities; with Central Asia, where anything may happen. The League of Nations Union has apparently come to the conclusion that in dealing with the problem here presented it will be quite sufficient for the English public to hate the Turks consumedly, and to know that they are still in certain respects in the primitive state of civilisation common to so many of the nations whose emissaries (either as allies or enemies) have visited Paris during the last twelve months. We should be sorry to think that in this the League of Nations Union was in any way expressing the views of the League of Nations. If this kind of propaganda is to flourish under the auspices of national associations professing the new internationalism, the last state of this unhappy world will shortly be worse than the first.

Meanwhile we may note that, if 'Auction of Souls' were a private enterprise run simply for profit, it could not have been more skilfully managed. It was announced as propaganda under the highest auspices. It fell under the suspicion of the police and had to be revised to bring it within the law. The whole story is an irresistible advertisement. What is more, the "goods" are actually there. The public taste for this kind of thing is sufficiently well declared in the columns of respectable papers like the *Evening Standard*, which at one time would not have regarded the filthy details of a police report as fit matter for conspicuous headlines. 'Auction of Souls' beats the newspapers "to a frazzle"—even the Sunday ones.

A COMMON JURY.

[BY ONE OF THEM.]

THE town grows downwards, like a calf's tail, as the freedman remarked in Petronius. I have been investigating the symptoms in a small way. "Fail not, as you will answer the contrary at your peril." This threat from the Sheriff, serious to one of the New Poor, brought me to the Sessions House, summoned to a "traverse jury." Passing crowds of police, I observed inside the building eight dingy statues of females in niches. They puzzled me: are there eight sorts of justice? Rough justice, bare justice, legal justice, poetical justice—I could get no further. I expected nine females, thinking of the Muses. After my week's experiences I propose another figure. She might carry a roll of paper indicating a satisfactory Alibi. The Court is certainly not fitted to contain the amount of extra jurors on hand. The attendance of

these idlers, when everybody is being entreated for the Nation's sake to get to work, might easily be reduced, though some got off from time to time. There is also a waste of time in taking different oaths for a felony and a misdemeanour. If I swear with a dirty Testament lacking a title page that I will "well and truly try" the one, surely my oath will do for the other. The dignity of the Law can hardly be pleaded, when a tradesman in the witness-box says "Righto!" unbuked.

Before the jury get to work, we see a crowd of incredibly persistent pickpockets. The incredible counsel come later. The only obviously truthful person is an old man of apostolic appearance who pleads, "I can't live on air: so I had to pinch something." The police soon settle these cases. It is far otherwise with the "not guilty" who are "in charge of" the jury. You are identified, say, by the police as the gentleman who after midnight carried out of a shop, where you have never been, a roll of cloth which appears (the police are so suspicious) to have some connection with a stolen motor-car waiting outside. In such cases the jury is puzzled and an alibi may be satisfying. One that I heard was rich in detail. It concerned a party, need to remember the details of which first occurred several months later. The witnesses recalled their times of coming in, going out, going to bed. Admirable! I have been credited with a memory, and I couldn't go back like that. Perhaps they were all Pelmanists.

The accused fall mainly into two classes, Jews and Christians of the betting persuasion. Whitechapel, which is believed by art critics to have sounder views of art than Park Lane, is full of the Artful Dodger. A young Whitechapel milkman, who bought in all innocence a pony and wagonette for £13 10s., when they were sworn to be worth from £50 to £60, ran great risks. The judge suggests cautions as to the company you keep. "Do I," asked an absolved prisoner, "leave the Court without a stain upon my character?" I did not hear any reply from the Bench.

One thing I always thought, and now know for certain:—

There's nothing quite so funny
As ways of making money.

"Most prisoners," as a fellow-juryman remarked, "don't carry their brains on top." But two good foreheads appeared, the owners of which had done very well out of the infinitely gullible public. A "demobbed" French-Canadian made (after printing expenses) over £1,000 in a month or two. It all came out of sixpences and ninepences for further inquiries concerning his International Service League with Branches everywhere, Bankers in Camden Town, 100,000 places waiting for emigrants, male and female, about to adorn our far-flung Empire. He had no bank, and did not venture to cash the postal orders which had been crossed. The "branches everywhere" were a shadowy friend on the way to Australia, and a Canadian, going to put £10,000 into the business. The places in the "New World" bore so strong a resemblance to Mr. Lloyd George's political mythology as to raise a loud and general smile. Rarely does merri-ment arise in this dismal disposal of criminals, liars, and just persons misunderstood, but the French-Canadian, defending himself, and declaring that the accused was an exemplary young man, raised another smile. A defending counsel rebuked the jury for smiling at his ridiculous way of repeating himself and obscuring the issue for over half an hour. He wagged a tongue and a long red finger to little purpose, though some men would have been glad to pay him to stop. The judge referred rightly to the admirable patience of the jury. This is, indeed, a striking quality in us common men, and combined with original views of law and order, Dogberry's idea of doing his best, and "business ability," produces remarkable results. At Cambridge many years since the more stupid dons were always considered good, sound men, and credited with "business ability."

At any rate, no jury could, one thinks, be as silly as the business men who presented our best-dressed prisoner (22, late of Borstal, elegant clothes, glimpse of purple handkerchief) with sums like £200, £150, £140, for nothing in particular—except his vague suggestion of going into partnership, or getting some goods from somebody. He took one of his victims to a Piccadilly Hotel, supplied a cigarette, left his hat and stick, and went upstairs to interview Mr. Quantle of Edgbaston, Birmingham, about the goods. Of course, he did not return. Mr. Quantle, also, it appears, after receiving the money *minus* commission, gave no verifiable details of his further movements. After a life of luxury in West End hotels, three years of penal servitude will be a change for this smart young man.

While thus in charge of crime, I learnt from another source that dubious deals in cloth and other expensive articles are a common occupation of the "demobbed" soldier. Prisoners recently of the Army have characters to show, on which counsel dilate. But the Army, be it noted, was a school of undiscovered theft. The average private saw no wrong in procuring a new set of underclothing gratis and selling the old for 2s. 6d. Such deals are consistent with an Army character for industry and willing work. Well, I suppose,

"Things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

But the aftermath of housebreaking and thieving is not agreeable to observe or to live with, and the average jury—blundering, illogical, sentimental—has not realised the force of the maxim, "*Salus populi suprema lex.*"

I left with the thanks of the County, and permission to visit Pentonville Prison. But I have seen all the crime I want for the present. Enough is as good as the character of receivers of stolen goods. I find this jury service, as the landlady did 'Robert Elsmere,' very unsettling. I fled to my proper work with no delay. But my juror friend, who has a long nose and a grievance against the War Office, dallied on the steps of the Sessions House. "I shan't hurry away," he explained. "It's washing day, and the wife is apt to be fractious."

TENNYSON.

[BY A GEORGIAN.]

IT is easier to sneer at Tennyson than to rival him. But it is none the less difficult for a Georgian to avoid a sneer when dealing with a Victorian. For as Mr. Strachey has so admirably understood, the Victorians insist on being eminent. When they set about building the house of life they insist on surrounding it with pillars. They are not content with bricks and stucco. They must have pomp. Thus each of their leaders of thought, religion and politics, has the marble air of completed and unchallengeable greatness. Darwin is the greatest biologist of all times as Spencer the greatest philosopher. Dickens the greatest novelist yields only to Gladstone the greatest statesman, and Alfred Lord Tennyson caps them all as the greatest poet. Nor had they any doubt as to his claims. Not content with hailing him laureate, they converted a poet into a peer. Is it surprising in an age that does not necessarily regard either of these honours as proof of poetical attainment looks a little askance at the holder of both?

But, if we permit ourselves to be guided only by prejudice, and to turn rapturously from Tennyson, say, to the achievement of our Imagists, we shall be foolish. For it still remains true that to write of beautiful things with a beautiful certainty of diction, manner and intelligibility, is not necessarily fatal in a poet. Indeed, Tennyson, if rightly considered, is a very wholesome corrective of much latterday rubbish that has usurped (without the accompanying salary from the State) the laurels. Let us, therefore, be courageous and admit that beauty may still be pardonable, and on that count be prepared to be lenient even to Tennyson.

Let it also be admitted, to avoid the obvious rejoinder, that Tennyson cannot take a place in the first flight of all. He was not the nightingale of Keats,

singing over perilous seas, nor yet did he find heaven with Shelley's Skylark. The intimations of immortality that he heard trailed no clouds of glory, but were recorded in a volume suitably entitled 'In Memoriam.' The depth, the sweet greatness of Wordsworth were wanting, as were the rich throat of Keats, and the sudden fire of Shelley. Nor did he share with Browning a vast passion for mankind, a love that was only a little less creative than Shakespeare's.

All this is admitted, but when it is admitted, to forget what Tennyson has done for English poetry is to be guilty at once of treachery, and, what is worse, stupidity. There are two Tennysons—the thinker and the singer. Tennyson the thinker was hailed by his own generation, and was completely second-rate. But Tennyson the singer, through an age which esteemed maxims while it turned out soul-destroying machinery, remained true to all the things his age despised—song for song's sake, and beauty not because it can be sold, but because it has no price and is unsaleable. In that long barren period when Spencer, Darwin and Carlyle were attempting to demonstrate that after Science was the deluge, Tennyson alone was able to find the ear of England with the retort that he for his part heard

"the horns of elfland faintly blowing."

And while the scientific chorus indulgently permitted these extravagances, Tennyson blew science back into its cheerless laboratory and let the world hear again

"Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

He guarded the rivers and the trees against an age interested chiefly in water-power and timber production. His was the voice crying in the wilderness.

Nor is it fair to call this statement exaggeration even if the names of Browning, Matthew Arnold and Swinburne are prayed in aid against us. There are few to-day who will deny that Browning is a far greater poet. But England did not at any rate during the most critical period listen to Browning, or if it listened it saw in him what it was pleased to call a philosopher. Societies were formed with the object of understanding his thoughts, and avoiding his poetry. It was the writer of 'Sordello' who intrigued England, not the singer of 'O Lyric-love, half-angel and half bird.' Matthew Arnold was always esteemed a greater critic than poet, and Swinburne—the Victorians, though not privately averse to the roses and raptures of vice, would have no truck with a poet unless publicly dedicated to the lilies and langours of virtue. Tennyson alone held the torch of those who came after. This was no small service.

But quite apart from this, even if he had been one of a universally applauded Pleiad, Tennyson would have discovered and attained immortality. His contemporaries praised him for his exact knowledge of nature, one more than usually fatuous exclaiming in ecstasy, because Tennyson spoke of hair as being "more black than ashbuds in the front of March." But obviously exact knowledge of this kind, however desirable in a botanist, is useless in a poet. He does not need to know nature, but he must prove that he loves her. If Tennyson had asserted that ashbuds were pink with a fringe of crimson it would not have mattered two straws, as long as he made it clear that it was his ashbuds and nobody else's that he was praising. And he did make this abundantly clear whenever he spoke of nature and natural things. His soul was an English landscape—ordered and soft, and with gentle distances. He sang as though the landscape had found voice, laying on the mind and heart just that veil, that quiet, that content. And as long as there is beauty in such scenes, as long as men desire peace after struggle and a measure of rest, Tennyson will remain.

[We do not agree that Browning was "a far greater poet" than Tennyson. The New Generation, with its twist towards cacophony and mysticism, undervalues Tennyson because he is melodious and intelligible.—ED. S.R.]

SOCINUS.

"It is hard to place those souls in Hell, whose worthy lives do teach us Virtue on Earth."

Religio Medici.

DEAN INGE has lately been puzzling many of his readers by references to Socinus. In the first place, it is incorrect, if convenient, to talk of Socinus. There were two Socinuses, uncle and nephew, and their proper name was Sozzini, or Sozini, of an ancient family of Siena, where both were born, though both were to die in other lands, exiles under the stigma of heresy. The elder, Lelio Sozzini, was born in 1525; his father, an author on jurisprudence, brought up his sixth son to his own profession; but Lelio took to studying Hebrew and Arabic, the Bible and the Koran, as well as Greek, and on coming of age betook himself to Venice, the home of evangelical Christianity, to perfect himself in religious studies. A late tradition made him figure in theological conferences at Vicenza, but this seems more than doubtful. What is certain is, that at Chiavenna he came in contact with the mystic Cannilo Renato, whose Quietist doctrine resembled that of the early Quakers. About 1544 he visited Switzerland, France, England and the Low Countries in pursuit of religious knowledge. At the close of his four years' pilgrimage he returned to Switzerland with commendatory letters from an envoy of Wittenberg to the Swiss Protestants, spending the next year with leaders of the Reformed Churches at Bâle and Zürich. He then visited Wittenberg itself, as the guest of Melancthon, and afterwards of Johann Forster, with whom he studied Hebrew, returning to Zürich in 1557. Heretic he was by this time, at odds at once with Protestants and Roman Catholics, since he was beginning to doubt the doctrine of the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, and the expiatory doctrine of the Atonement, which all Christian bodies then united in upholding. He corresponded with his family, notably with his young nephew Fausto, who accompanied him along the thorny path of theological discussion. The news of the murder of Servetus for heresy, which confirmed his doubts on the doctrine of the Trinity and on the subject of religious persecution, reached him while at Padua, and he made his way again to Switzerland, where he was welcomed by Calvin, the author of that murder, who was nevertheless gravely concerned about the theological opinions of his friend, and carried on a correspondence with him on Predestination and other Calvinistic tenets. It was at Geneva that Sozzini made a remark on the doctrine of the Trinity which resulted in a cross-examination from Bullinger, at the instance of the Reformers, in which he professed himself orthodox, but reserved the right of enquiry. The death of his father, who cut him out of his will, left him in financial difficulties, and he went to Vienna and Cracow in 1558 to secure support for his appeal to the Medici to obtain something of the family property. Calvin and Melancthon alike furnished him with introductions, the latter to Maximilian II, an interesting proof of the respect in which this Reformer was held in Roman Catholic Europe. But Sozzini, successful out of Italy, especially at the friendly court of the second Sigismund of Poland, could do nothing at home. The Inquisition seized and imprisoned one brother, another had fled, and others, young Fausto included, lay under the imputation of Lutheranism, and Lelio was forced to return to Switzerland empty-handed, dying at Zürich in 1562 when barely thirty-seven. His books are few, but among his papers, as Fausto later said, were *parvula ab ipso conscripta, multo annotata*. Of the finished works there exist treatises on the Sacraments, a Confession, and a fragment on the Resurrection, and some authorities add a very interesting 'Dialogus inter Calvinum et Vaticanum,' printed in 1612, in which he reprobates the punishment of heretics by death, thereby running contrary to the religious opinion of his time as the advocate of toleration. His nephew Fausto was born at Siena at the close of 1539, but received no regular education, dividing his time between his sister Phillida (Fillide) and the desultory reading commended by Charles Lamb. He too was intended for the

law, but "preferred sonnets," like others after him, and the reputation of Lutheranism did not promise a successful career. While little more than a boy he was a member of two learned Sienese Societies, the *Accademia dei Sistenti* and *Degli Intonati*, but he determined to travel, a resolution hastened by the imputation of heresy. After visiting Lyons and Geneva, he returned to Italy, having already written an 'Explicatio' of the opening verses of St. John's Gospel in which he denied the essential divinity of Christ. Next year, however, (1563) he conformed to the Catholic Church, and spent twelve years in the service of Isabella de' Medici, daughter of the grand duke; it was during this period that he produced his treatise 'De auctoritate Sanctae Scripturae.' It seems certain that the grand duke offered him the undisturbed enjoyment of his property, provided he would publish nothing, but he left Italy for Bâle in 1575, and devoted himself wholly to theological studies. His treatise 'De Jesu Christo Servatore' was seen by Giorgio Blandrata, physician to Christopher Bathon of Poland, who called in Sozzini's aid to reason with Francis Davidis, the Arian bishop, whose vehement Unitarianism went beyond the limits of the permissible even in Poland, then for a time the home of religious freedom. It was Sozzini's dream to unite the warring Reformers in Poland into a single Church, and with this view he tried to get himself officially attached to one of the Churches. His proposal was, however, rejected, because he declined to be re-baptised, but he was generous enough to support the cause of these Churches against the common enemy, and his writings won him great authority. His mission to Davidis was a failure; a visit of four and a half months resulting in the bishop denouncing all worship of Christ, even of the *Dio Subalterno* of Sozzini's creed, from his own pulpit. The Unitarian bishop was thrown into prison, where he died in three months, Sozzini protesting against the fury of Blandrata. Like his uncle, he detested persecution, and it is their common glory to have fought against it. In the words of Sir Thomas Browne of the ancient city of Norwich, "Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant Religion: it hath been the unhappy method of angry devotions, not only to confirm honest Religion, but wicked Heresies, and extravagant opinions." Blandrata ultimately conformed to the Catholic faith, which cost him the dedication of Sozzini's treatise on the Nature of Christ. The rest of Fausto Sozzini's life, prolonged till 1604, was spent in Poland in very varied circumstances. His treatise against James Palaeologus was looked upon as a seditious libel, and he had to take refuge on the estates of Christophe Morsztyn, whose daughter he married. In 1590 the Holy Office at Siena confiscated all his property. The death of Francesco de' Medici left him free to write under his own name, and though he had drawn the Unitarian party together at the Synod of Buzesc in 1588, his enemies did their best to discredit him. In 1598 they roused the population of Cracow, who looted his house, smashed his possessions and burnt his books, while he himself was saved from their clutches with the greatest difficulty amid cries of "Down with him." Many of his MSS were destroyed, including a Treatise against the Atheists, and he was forced to take refuge with Abraham Blousky at Luslawice near Cracow. Here, on March 4th, 1604, he died, his grave being marked with a limestone slab whose inscription, now illegible, is said to have been,

"Tota ruit Babylon: destruxit tecta Lutherus,
Calvinus muros, sed fundamenta Socinus."

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CHAOS OF IRELAND.

SIR,—Why does not the Government, responsible for life and property in Ireland, at once take hostages of the Sinn Feiners—and publish all over that country that for every man shot by these anarchists one of their number will be promptly executed? I venture to think that this would very soon put a stop to the shameful murders now taking place in Ireland. Concurrently

with this proclamation, I would urgently ask the Government to call once more for all moderate men in that country, to come forward again and endeavour to find some form of self-government under the Imperial Parliament—which shall satisfy all moderate opinion in Ireland. If, at the same time, the Government could make up its mind once again to grease the wheels of the Land Acts, and complete once and for all their half-finished work of buying out the Irish landlords—there would, I am firmly convinced, be a new and far-reaching impetus given to all but the anarchist element, to try and restore their unhappy country to a state of peace and happiness once more.

DUDLEY S. A. COSBY.

OPPORTUNISM AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

SIR,—In your issue of the 17th you suggest that, however many causes of complaint we may have against the present Government, we had better put up with the ills which we know rather than risk those which might befall us if a Labour Ministry were placed in power. Your words are:—"The present House of Commons is composed of decent, moderate men, most of them with goods laid up, and something therefore to lose by a general 'bouleversement.' Why should we exchange them for a new set of men, in which there would certainly be a large proportion of Labour agitators, and Socialists of every brand, from Fabians to Bolsheviks?"

May I be allowed to urge that such reasoning is not convincing and that it would be worth while to risk even a Labour Government in order to get rid of the present gang of wasteful and unprincipled opportunists?

Corruptio optimi pessima. At the present juncture opportunism is the most dangerous thing in politics, first, because the opportunist is beyond argument, since argument is meaningless to a man who is obviously acting against his conviction and is intentionally dishonest; and, secondly, because opportunism is sapping the life-blood of such Conservatism as still exists in the country. Further, what earthly chance at the hustings has the man who is an unprincipled Socialist and advocates doles, bribes and bounties merely as part of the apparatus of electioneering as against the honest Socialist who really believes that it is possible to construct a new Heaven and a new Earth by Act of Parliament? The rôle of the hypocrite is one which it is difficult for even the cleverest to play indefinitely, and English gentlemen are wholly unfit, constitutionally, to attempt such a rôle with success. The advent of a Labour Government would be a most serious thing, but it would awaken the slumbering conservatism of millions of citizens, while the danger to property would make money and all commodities scarcer and dearer, and bring home to the humblest and most thoughtless the real meaning of Socialism.

Further, the policy of reckless expenditure which is accepted as a matter of course by Coalitionist M.P.'s, puts a very strong weapon in the hands of Labour. To claim credit, on the one hand, for a League of Nations which is to end war, and, on the other, to insist upon the necessity of spending five hundred millions on fighting men and armaments argues a total inability to recognise the crying need for economy, an inability which the Labour Party will quickly utilise as a justification for the hundred and one forms of extravagance which it consistently advocates. If, it is argued, you can afford to spend five hundred millions on the weapons and instruments of destruction, surely you can afford to spend a thousand millions on things productive—housing, education, and so forth? The argument is not quite sound, but when one remembers that nobody covets our National Debt and that we have little else left to steal, one must admit that there is a good deal to justify Labour criticism of our enormous military expenditure.

A couple of hours ago a "deputy" from a colliery near here was speaking to me of the number of unemployed who don't want work and blaming the Army for this slackness. Well, there is no doubt that the frantic attempt to attract recruits by promising them a life full of idleness and pleasure is having a most

demoralising effect upon the manual workers, while a slack and sluggish Army is a real danger to the commonwealth.

C. F. RYDER.

INCOME TAX FOR ALL.

SIR,—Mr. Asquith is reported to have said at Paisley last Friday that in view of the high cost of living he was in favour of raising the exemption limit of the income tax. But Mr. Asquith was not reported to have said that in view of the fact that increase of wages marches *pari passu* with increase of expenses there was no need to pander to Labour with respect to any such exemption. Many representatives of Labour have, as we know, been convicted of breaking the law by non-payment, and it is considerate of Mr. Asquith to include such persons within the pale of his benevolence. You, Sir, are, I believe, in favour, not of raising the income tax limit, but of reducing it to £100. Indeed, orphans with less than £100 a year, derivable from dividends, are subjected to a tax of six shillings in the pound deducted at the source, and if they can get a rebate within a year they are lucky. There is, I submit, only one real remedy for the anomaly, and that is to make income tax applicable to all. As I suggested in a previous letter, it would be a simple matter for employees to pay income tax by affixing stamps to their acquittance rolls, precisely as they now have to put stamps on to their insurance cards. Thus all would take a share in contributing to the National funds, while the State would be put to no expense in the matter. The advantage of such a system is so obvious that nothing can be urged against it save the fear of losing the working-man's vote. If this is an insurmountable difficulty it must at any rate be conceded that raising the limit will at least place the working-man in a position to send his children to school at his own cost—if he is not able to do so already—instead of at the cost of the ratepayer. As a matter of fact, it is high time that Board Schools and other Government and Municipal institutions should be made self-supporting by the exaction of fees. The position of the individual who educates his children out of the rates is analogous to that of an inmate of the workhouse, who, branded with the stigma of pauperism, is for ever debarred from the exercise of the parliamentary vote.

C. H. BULTON.

AN APOLOGY FOR PROFITEERS.

SIR,—Can you spare space for a short defence of the abused profiteer?

The leaders of the people preach a gospel of work and economy; but nobody heeds them except the profiteers who undoubtedly work, though they do not economise. Manual workers with one consent ignore them. Thus we see the manufacturer and the trader working at high pressure, while the employee does as little as he can. And the reason is not far to seek: the manufacturer and the trader enjoy the stimulus of high profits, while the employee has nothing but his wage. It is vain to say that wages are high. Put the manufacturer on a fixed salary, and see if he will still strain every nerve to increase his output!

What is wrong with us is not that we have profiteers, but that there are too few of them. Profiteering is a close monopoly confined to manufacturers and traders, and until the so-called working man is given the opportunity to join in the race for wealth it is futile to appeal to him.

The profiteer is the man above all others that England needs to-day; for he alone has the incentive to do his utmost. We want more like him; for he, and he alone, can bring down prices, rectify the exchanges of the world, and restore the purchasing power of the sovereign. He is England's last hope; for he, and he alone, is doing all he can to increase our output. Yet, instead of taking him to our bosom, we curse him.

Legislation should be directed towards breaking the monopoly of profiteering, making it free to all; and, simultaneously, towards the prevention of hoarding—that form of hoarding which withholds supplies in expectation of a rise in price. Here is a platform on

which Free Traders and Protectionists can work in harmony: for what does free trade mean but freedom from restrictive legislation; and what is the aim of protection but assistance against foreign competition?

H. F. B.

JONATHAN AND JOHN.

SIR,—Will you allow a British subject, resident for over twenty years in this country, to ask his compatriots through your columns whether they realise what the present American feeling towards their country is?

English press opinion cabled here seems to be altogether based on the assumption that never before was there such cordiality as "at present happily exists between the two countries." Distinguished Englishmen, coming here to lecture or for other business purposes, are reported as voicing this sentiment in emphatic terms, and the published interviews in which their opinions are set forth invariably contain comparisons which are especially odious, inasmuch as they disparage the native land of the interviewed to the exaltation of everything American. These interviews are readily printed and eagerly read, and no doubt they have their advertising value.

Perhaps the visitors, who are to a certain extent guests of this country, are justified in what must be in many cases a concealment of their real impressions; but if they continue such concealment after they have returned home, their politeness certainly excels that of the Americans who were the guests, and in most cases the pupils, of England during the war. Soldiers of every rank who have returned here are loud in their condemnation of everything they saw or experienced in England—the morals, the climate, the water, the food, cooking and domestic arrangements generally, and the men, and even women, who met or entertained them there.

Those who did not go to the war in few instances express any appreciation of England's part therein, and consistently regard the belated entry of this country into hostilities as an act of unselfish heroism which was the salvation of Europe. Perhaps this is natural enough in a people whose patriotism has been forced and stimulated by its educational system; but true patriotism would not explain the belittlement of an ally who bore the brunt of the conflict financially and otherwise through long years during which this country was making up its mind what side, if any, to take, and then making its tedious preparations for action.

President Wilson's Fourteen Points were hailed here as a warning to England that she would not be allowed to gain any compensation for her sacrifices in the war, and although he was allowed to assume an unduly dominant attitude at the Peace Conference, recent action by the Senate, including a portion of his own party, shows that his country considers that he did not go far enough, and, to use the words quoted by Admiral Sims from his official instructions, that the President "let the British pull the wool over his eyes." The Admiral's report just mentioned might have been expected to raise a storm in the English press, if not in Parliament, but so far it seems to have created a much greater sensation here than in London.

The Prince of Wales was respectfully, and, in some instances, cordially received by certain sections of the American population; but there are many parts of the United States which it would have been inadvisable for him to visit; and his reception in New York and the presentation of the freedom of the city, though hailed in England as "drawing closer the bonds," etc., would seem to be entirely neutralised by the fact that Mr. De Valera, who referred during the war to Germany as a gallant ally, has recently stood on the same spot to receive the same honour, at the hands of the same Mayor, and to be assured of every support in his efforts to raise £10,000,000 for the purpose of making war on the Empire over which H.R.H. is one day to reign. Much of this sum was raised in New York the next day at a meeting to which was addressed a cordial letter from the Governor of New York State, a statesman who was "indisposed" during the Prince's visit and therefore could not receive him.

Sir George Paish's present visit is regarded here as another attempt by Great Britain to get money out of this country, "after all we sent over by Balfour."

The writer of this letter occupies a position which brings him into daily contact with Americans of all ranks and shades of political opinion, and it is rarely that he can discuss the history of the war, or of the events which have since transpired, and at the same time retain his self-respect. As to the Irish question, it must be carefully avoided by one who does not advocate a republic entirely free and independent of the British Empire.

He asks you, therefore, if you print this letter, to preserve his anonymity; and encloses his card for your information.

ENNISKILLEN.

New York.

BOARD SCHOOL TEACHERS.

SIR,—The future of England lies in the hands of the teachers in the Board Schools.

Everyone is conscious, when he grows up to manhood, maturity, and old age, that he can never wholly eradicate from his mind and heart the teaching of his youth.

In all ages and among all races of humanity, only in very rare instances does the grown man change the religious belief, whatever it may be, inculcated in his youthful training. In the vast majority of cases, no arguments, exhortations, or influences, however urgent and compelling, avail to make a man brought up as a Mohammedan embrace Christianity, or one brought up as a Papist or Protestant to abjure his particular Church, or even a nonconformist to conform. Whatever a man assimilates in youth, to that he tenaciously adheres through life.

The children of this country now in the board schools, therefore, we may be sure will grow up with their moral and even political beliefs moulded and fixed for good and all by their teachers. This undoubted fact of life should claim and receive the close attention of every one in this country in these surging, tumultuous and troublous times. The hand that rocks the cradle is no doubt powerful for good or evil in the future years. But more potent still is the voice of the teacher of the children of England in board schools, and yet little attention seems to be paid by the general public to this absolutely vital matter.

At the present time, the board school teacher up and down the land is placed by the law and custom of the country in a position that must inevitably tend to make him a fearful danger to the constitution and to the orderly progress of these realms. He is a man of education, who probably knows a good deal about Shakespeare and has heard of Gibbon, he probably has a mind possessing as much information and sometimes more real cultivation than that of the squire of the village where he teaches; he is therefore conscious of qualities that render him obviously superior to the local grocer, draper, and baker, with whom however, he is expected to consort, and with whom if he does not consort, he must live in an isolation anything but splendid, for he is drawn from the class that does not dine at the Manor House, or go to tea at the Rectory.

Such a man in such a position, unless he is a true philosopher and a man of unusual amiability of temperament, gradually and inevitably acquires a certain bitterness of heart; despising those below him, he begins to feel resentment towards those above him; and what is the certain result of that sense of resentment upon the whole atmosphere of his school?

What will that man teach the children to reverence? Nothing.

Now lack of reverence for something in this world or the next is the corner-stone of all character. If a man does not reverence something he will be sure to make a graven image of himself and fall down and worship it: and that is just Bolshevism. It is better for a child to be taught to reverence something which may not perhaps be very reverend, than taught to have no reverence for anything.

At one time I must confess that I myself felt little but amused contempt for what I called the "flag wagging"

of Empire Day, started and fostered, I believe, by my Lord Meath; but if by that or any other means children in England can be taught to reverence their country, and its religion and constitution, I now cordially welcome and support that form of celebration of a day assigned to that laudable object. The splendid institution of the Boy Scouts seems to me at present to be doing more to save the future of England from chaos than all board schools' teaching since the days of Mr. Forster.

But the remedy for the present state of things is manifest, and can be established by one simple provision.

The board school teacher should, without a moment's delay, be placed socially and financially in a position beside the doctor, the rector, and the squire. He should receive a salary of at least £600 a year, rising by merit to £1,000 or more. He is the most important person in the village, and indeed, in the country, for he can make or mar the whole Empire.

If he teaches Atheism and Bolshevism, our descendants at no remote date will all have their throats cut and their property burgled.

To become a board school teacher, therefore, should be made a career worthy to be attained by men from the Universities, of the best social class, and of assured solidity of principle and of religion; men who would bring to their task no sour animosities, or social heart-burnings, but who with the fine liberality of good breeding would teach the children that courtesy which is the natural expression of benignity and kindness in the human heart, that obedience to properly constituted authority which is the truest liberty, or as the Prayer Book says, that "service which is perfect freedom," and that reverence for the splendid past of our race that would most certainly secure the true safety of its future.

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

ROMAN CATHOLICS IN AUSTRALIA.

SIR,—Your correspondent Papalino, in the number of 18th October, refers to what he calls the "prehistoric and provincial prejudices" of your paper in such an aggrieved tone of surprise and acrimony that it would be interesting to your Australian readers to learn where he has buried himself these last five years. If he is as innocent as his anger makes him appear, and is genuinely eager to know wherein the Roman Catholic Church has failed, we on this side of the world will be happy to enlighten him. "Happy," perhaps is hardly the word—the subject of Mannix and Co. stinks in the nostrils of every decent Australian; let us therefore amend "happy" to "willing," our willingness taking the form of pamphlets distributed by the different Loyalty Leagues of our States, before our elections a week ago. We are willing also that he should have a copy of the (Sydney) *Catholic Press*, in which he may read what his own priests of the Roman Catholic Church have said and done to aid "stabbers in the back" of our empire. (Thank God! the results of the recent elections have shown how powerless these traitors are after all.) With this end in view, this enlightenment of our pained and acrimonious Papalino, I am forwarding to your care a budget of "literature," which I trust may safely reach your hands.

Sydney, N.S.W.

SARDONYX.

A SOLUTION OF THE SERVANT QUESTION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Maurice Johnson, is doubtless aware that numerous instances of the intelligence and (if I may say so without offending the elevated spirit of a democratic age) the *humanity* of baboons are mentioned in Darwin's 'Descent of Man'—a book which, like the 'Origin of Species,' is now perhaps better known by report than by close study.

I do not propose to follow the exact line of Mr. Johnson's inference from the story of the South African baboon of noble memory, although I think his general lesson is true and good. But I should like to suggest that the story in question supports almost to the point of confirmation the old sailors' belief that monkeys can do everything but talk, and that they will not talk because they know that, if they did, they would be set to work forthwith.

Now, I think that you, Sir, recently hinted that the necessary correlative of an exalted democracy is a domestic service of intelligent creatures more amenable to rational discipline than any of the known varieties of democratised *Homo sapiens*. That hint is not likely to be overlooked in a world indisposed for toil; and therefore I fear lest in his desire to protect baboons from a particular form of ill-treatment, Mr. Johnson, by disseminating this remarkable instance of their efficiency, prudence and self-sacrificing fidelity, may have let these unsophisticated relatives of ours in for a more ruthless and degrading form of exploitation. The talk difficulty, which seems insuperable to the sailor whose life depends on speedy response to technical terms, would not be much felt in a sphere where speech is often more studious to conceal than to explain, and never aims at precision.

A. ALCOCK.

OUR ASYLUMS.

SIR,—I consider that all the points brought against me by "Fiat Justitia" were answered in my first letter, before they were made. I didn't say anything about the military hospitals, because I don't know anything about them. As I endeavoured to show, there are no sane persons in asylums, among the patients anyway; but there appears to be a considerable number of insane persons writing letters outside; unless, indeed, the censorship of some of the asylums is defective. *Ruat Cælum!*

GILBERT E. MOULD.

A DISGRACEFUL FILM.

SIR,—The League of Nations Union, I fear, has not increased its influence by exhibiting the film known as 'Auction of Souls.' This production is calculated to create the impression that the Turks are distinguished above all other races for their cruelties. Is the League of Nations Union unaware that nearly all the peoples of the Near East, from the Adriatic to the Caspian, have perpetrated similar cruelties whenever an opportunity occurred, or has it one standard of conduct for Moslems and another for Christians? Does it propose to exhibit films showing Armenian atrocities in Kurdistan, Greek atrocities in Asia Minor, Serbian atrocities in Macedonia, Bulgarian atrocities in Serbia, and Montenegrin atrocities in Albania? If not, it would have been fairer to abstain from exhibiting 'Auction of Souls.'

FAIR PLAY.

A COMMONPLACE BOOK.

SIR,—I am exceedingly gratified to see a charmingly written appreciation of 'My Commonplace Book' in so important a literary journal as the *SATURDAY REVIEW*. But I have to question one statement made by your reviewer. He gives two instances of misquotation from my book, both from well-known poems. One is from Emerson, "So nigh is grandeur to our dust," which, he says, should read "So close is glory to our dust." I have never met the latter version, which is inferior in poetic language and does not express the poet's meaning. "Glory" is unsuitable and inadequate to convey the meaning of "greatness," "the higher" in our nature. My reading is to be found in the 'Everyman' edition of Emerson's poems (Dent, 1914, p. 180) and in 'The Chief American Poets,' edited by C. H. Page, the Riverside Press, Cambridge (U.S.A.), 1905, (Emerson, p. 99).

The other instance given by your reviewer is interesting. In a group of quotations referring to "Mother Earth," I included the familiar lines from Shelley's 'Cloud,'

"From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun."

The reviewer says that "birds" should be "buds." The authorities on Shelley are Mr. H. Buxton Forman and Mr. T. Hutchinson. The former in his edition of 1886 prints "buds"; the latter in the "Oxford Edition" of Shelley's Poetical Works, 1904, prints

"buds," but adds in a note below "Buds, 1839; birds, 1820." In the popular "Chandos" series "birds" is printed.

As the edition of 1839 was revised by Mrs. Shelley, it is generally regarded as authoritative; but one might reasonably argue that the earlier reading is the correct one, and that "buds" in the 1839 edition was a misprint. The use of "buds" leads to a certain confusion. At first view the "mother" of the buds, on whose breast they are "rocked to rest," would be naturally taken to be the *tree*, not Mother Earth, a strained meaning being given to "she dances about the sun." There is no such confusion with regard to "birds": the meaning is clear at the first view. However, the edition I had in the seventies when I made the entry in my commonplace book, had "buds," and so I put it in the copy I sent from Adelaide; but in some way or other it was altered to "birds" before it appeared in print.

My absence on the Continent has led to this letter being delayed.

J. T. HACKETT.

Nice, 28 Jan., 1920.

BACK TO THE LAND.

SIR,—I was much interested in the statement in your Notes of the Week for January 24th to the effect that "James the First's Government commanded the country gentlemen by proclamation to return with their families to their neglected estates." I am reminded that something of the kind occurred in France shortly before the French Revolution, when the bishops were directed to leave Paris and return to their dioceses. This circumstance inspired some wag to compose an ironical petition purporting to come from the Cyprians of Paris and praying that the order in question might be rescinded on the ground that it would cause them great hardship, and that their livelihood would be very seriously affected. The incident is related in that very interesting, but unfortunately scarce, book, 'Mémoires d'un Pair de France,' by an anonymous writer, who, however, is known to be the Comte — Fabre—I forget his Christian name.

H. G. W. H.

IS PUSSY DISINTERESTED?

SIR,—What does it matter whether or not the advocacy of prohibition is disinterested, even though one may gravely question it with so much money floating about?

Even disinterestedness in matters of this kind may add to a superlative impertinence as it does here.

Is it pleaded seriously that because certain officious persons expect to derive no actual personal benefit from an interference—say, with the solids of my lunch—their interference is justified, and if not with the solids, why with the liquids, which are, I presume, what prohibitionists, as a commencement, propose to deal with?

Whether again the funds are contributed by those whose intentions are praiseworthy is of small moment.

There are plenty of people, on both sides of the Atlantic—well-intentioned people enough but soft-hearted and sometimes soft-headed—from whom dollars can be plenteously squeezed with little difficulty for any sort of wild-cat regenerative scheme, though just now they are apparently more plentiful, or more opulent, on the Western border.

As to the benefits of prohibition, a fairly extensive study of its history has taught me that, if Mr. Adkins attempts to particularise the places "where it has been deliberately adopted and loyally observed," he is face to face with an enquiry which presents some difficulty, from which it may be inferred that his claim for its success in these *terrae incognitae* will be hard to establish.

The good sense of the British people will eventually settle this matter quite satisfactorily, without foreign intervention; and meanwhile it is far from an unfavourable sign that the said people are showing these immigrant apostles of the new freedom that they are as unwelcome as are their theories.

J. M. HULLS.

REVIEWS

DIVORCE AND RE-MARRIAGE.

The Superstition of Divorce. By G. K. Chesterton. Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.

AT the height of the discussion on marriage with a deceased wife's sister, when it was raging in the press and in the House of Commons, Matthew Arnold asked, in his sly purring way, Would any man of delicacy marry his wife's sister? The stroke was a shrewd one, but it did not settle the business, for which an Act of Parliament, long afterwards, was necessary. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in something of the same spirit, asks us, Would any man of honour break his marriage vow? Perhaps not; but then honour, like delicacy, is an obsolete, or certainly obsolescent, word in the twentieth century. Not so are questions settled in "a country fit for heroes." Indeed, ever since civil marriage before the registrar was legalised some eighty years ago, the contractual view of marriage was at least allowed to exist side by side with the sacramental view. And unfortunately for Mr. Chesterton's argument, the contractual view of matrimony has so far gained upon the sacramental as almost to push it from the stage, except, of course, amongst the Roman Catholics. Once the contractual view is accepted publicly, we get into a different atmosphere, on to another plane of controversy. In the lawyer's world of contracts all Mr. Chesterton's alliterative jests and epigrams, however amusing, are beside the mark. Like the young man from the country, moralising over the upset perambulator, Mr. Chesterton is not at the centre of the situation.

But it is against re-marriage, even more than against divorce, that Mr. Chesterton aims his shafts. Why, he asks, should a man who has once broken his vow, be given a second chance of breaking it again? This is rather the same line as that taken by Sir James Barrie in 'Dear Brutus,' which is written to prove that it is no use giving people a second chance, as they will only repeat their crimes and follies. But *pace* Sir James Barrie and Mr. Chesterton, the world has always been in favour of giving fools and criminals a second chance. Why should a man want to marry a second time, if his first marriage has been a failure? He can have any number of wives he likes, provided he doesn't tell the world about them—says Mr. Chesterton. That is true of men, but not of women, and is an odd argument in a serious discussion. We cordially agree with Mr. Chesterton that the preservation of families is most important, both as a phalanx against the State tyrant, and for the sake of the purity and decency of the national life, a reason which Mr. Chesterton affects to disregard. Queen Victoria was and the Pope is on Mr. Chesterton's side from start to finish.

When you come to regard marriage as a contract, there is much to be said for a reform of the existing law. Equalisation of the grounds for divorce between the sexes there ought not to be, because, as has been pointed out a thousand times, the consequences of infidelity are not the same for a man as for a woman. Morality apart, a man may "scatter his Maker's image through the land," or at least through Regent Street and Piccadilly, without any serious trouble arising. But an unchaste wife may introduce another man's son into her husband's family. All this is as old as the hills.

Nevertheless, the words of the marriage service had better be altered, and habitual drunkenness and lunacy be recognised as grounds for a petition, while the jurisdiction should be extended to the County Courts.

PALESTINE IN WAR-TIME.

The Last Crusade. By Donald Maxwell. John Lane. 25s. net.

MR. DONALD MAXWELL'S latest book is exceedingly interesting, more especially to those of us who have had the good fortune to visit the holy places and battlefields which he describes so graphically with pen and brush. The letterpress is full of

vitality and humour; the reader is irresistibly carried on from one incident to another without a dull moment, and when the last page is reached, he feels that the only fault in the book lies in its shortness. The coloured and line sketches scattered through the book are charming, no unnecessary detail, but just sufficient to bring out the important features in each case and to convey the required atmosphere to the reader's mind.

The book begins with a description of the author's journey through France and Italy to Taranto and of the extraordinary discomfort of a night spent in a railway carriage on the so-called "Rapide"; he tells us how, during this journey, he had an animated conversation with an eloquent and patriotic Armenian who had a strong faith in the ultimate re-establishment of his country as a free nation: it is doubtful, however, whether those of us who have had any dealings with his fellow countrymen will share the Armenian patriot's optimism, for, in spite of the fact that they are Christians, they are, nevertheless, money-grabbing scoundrels and cut-throats, very little better than their former masters and persecutors, the Turks, with the exception that they are undoubtedly industrious and energetic; however, we will leave Mr. Lloyd George and his companions to decide whether they are to be allowed to blossom out as a separate state and to be trusted with a Government of their own.

Space only allows a cursory glance at the main features of this fascinating diary-like narrative, in which so many interesting and amusing incidents jostle one another. An episode which cannot fail to draw a smile is that of the author's visit to a small cottage in Gallipoli (the Italian one), when he jumped from the frying-pan into the fire by pretending to be a teetotaler in order to avoid being made to drink home-made wine, only to have "a polenta mixed with olive oil and flavoured with garlic" thrust on him.

On arrival at Port Said, Mr. Maxwell describes his aeroplane flight down the Suez Canal and north to El Arish, accompanied by his friend "Boswell," who is selected to bear-lead him: the nickname is given him by the author partly because he, Boswell, threatened to write his life and partly "to dodge any action for libel should I sometimes appear to hold him up to ridicule" (which he does!).

The train journey from Kantara to Ludd will particularly interest any members of Allenby's Expeditionary Force, who cannot fail frequently to have been "awakened by an unusually noticeable bump which in England would have been regarded as a railway accident"! From Ludd a visit is paid to Askalon, which surely must be almost as interesting as Pompeii on a smaller scale: one can imagine that a great part of the ruins of the ancient city lies buried in the ever encroaching sand just as a portion of Pompeii still remains buried in volcanic dust. Amusing is the author's description of the consternation of the inhabitants caused by the appearance of his Ford car in the bumpy and narrow lanes between the squalid hovels which now occupy the site of the once imposing city of the Crusaders' time.

The railway journey from Ludd to Damascus and Beirut occupies the next few chapters. The sketches and description of Tulkeram will interest the London Division who, on September 19th, 1918, captured the village after marching and fighting for 18 miles over scorching sand. It is rather surprising that the author makes no mention of some curious hot springs forming deep clear pools near the station at Hamath which were greatly patronised and much appreciated by many hot and dusty officers, either, as in the case of Mr. Maxwell, after an appalling drive in a motor lorry from Samakh (south of the Sea of Galilee) or on arrival by train from Damascus: possibly Mr. Maxwell had no time or felt too shaken to worry about a hot bath. We envy the author his view of Damascus from an aeroplane; the city is so shut in by groves of a great variety of trees that the only "earthly" chance the ordinary mortal has of getting a comprehensive view of the city is to climb the bleak hill which rises behind it to the west.

The railway journey from Damascus to Beirut across

the Ante Lebanon and Lebanon mountain ranges and including a visit to the ancient and peculiarly impressive ruins of Baalbek must have provided the most wonderful scenery, though we cannot help thinking that Boswell neglected his duties somewhat in failing to provide a motor-car, which, apart from the extra comfort and economy in time as compared with the train, permits a halt to be made here and there to drink in the unparalleled grandeur of the vast mountain ranges and the wonderful colouring throughout the whole journey. The story of the completion of his journey via Beirut, Sidon, Tyre, Acre and Haifa (below Mount Carmel) with visits to Athlit (once a Crusaders' stronghold), Gaza, and Ramleh (the birth-place of St. George) and Jaffa, is briefly told with apt references to Isaiah, the old crusades and the recent campaign: the history of the latter is told, to some extent, by means of extracts from Lord Allenby's despatches; this, however, makes it no less interesting. While at Ramleh we wonder if Mr. Maxwell visited the interesting old church at Ludd (the Lydda of the Bible) where a venerable priest shows the tourist a sample of St. George's bones exhibited in a sort of scissor case.

The chapter on Armageddon, the great battlefield of the Old Testament, must appeal to us all: it is certainly curious that so many decisive events should have taken place in this historical plain during the recent great struggle for the cause of Christianity. In the story of the "Valley of Death" the author works himself up into a sort of biblical frenzy; his language becomes biblical, his quotations are biblical, but surely there is sufficient reason for such an outburst: who can read of the last stages of Allenby's campaign, of the hopeless rout and destruction of the Turkish armies, of their final struggle to escape through the hills of Judah and Samaria, along the Jordan Valley towards Galilee and the Lebanon, all places so well known in biblical history, without acquiring a greatly increased interest in the Bible and without desiring to visit the Holy Land and to see for himself the ancient cities, the villages, the mountains and battlefields, ancient and modern, which are so delightfully described in Mr. Maxwell's book?

In the last chapter the author describes his visit to Bethlehem and how he approaches it from Jerusalem (surely along the road which Our Lord must have frequently trodden): "far away to the east the hills of Moab glowed richly like a purple cloud. To the west the sinking sun made chequered patterns through the olives. Ahead, sparkling in the warm glow of evening, lay Bethlehem clustered on the hillside like a heap of white stones," a delightful word picture.

THE SEAT OF THE SCOTTISH KINGS.

'The History of the Monastery of the Holy-Rood,' and of the 'Palace of Holy-Rood House.' By John Harrison, C.B.E., LL.D., &c. Blackwood. 25s. net.

THE Monastery of the Holy-Rood was built of unhewn stone on the site of a little Primitive church, whose dimensions, as revealed by recent excavation, were only 45 by 22 feet. This stood until about 1128, when King David I. founded a Monastery for the Canons Regular of the Rule of St. Augustine, bringing the first brethren from the Austin Canons of Scone. It was David's mission to bring the Scottish Church into line with Rome, and the means he used were the foundation of buildings for the great monastic Orders of the Continent; almost all the Scottish Abbeys, whose ruins are a synonym for romance to-day, owe their origin to him, but the Monastery of the Holy-Rood was an accidental foundation as it were. The King was hunting below Salisbury Crags far ahead of his companions, when he beheld "the fairest hart that ever the eyes of man beheld"; it charged and threw him, vanished, and left in his hand, not the antler at which he had clutched, but a portion of the True Cross. The King returned to the castle and was charged by his confessor Alkwine to found a monastery bearing that name and those of the Virgin Mary and All Saints. This he did, appointing Alkwine the first Abbot. The

excavations of 1910-11 revealed a nave, transepts, and a choir, with cloisters, an octagonal chapter house, and outbuildings, all with red roofs, which existed complete when an English officer of the expedition of 1544 made a coloured drawing of it, reproduced in this book. The Abbot was a peer of Scotland, the Monastery a great landowner, with twenty-seven daughter churches paying teinds in money and kind, from the "lone islands of the Western sea" and the wilds of Galloway, to parishes near at hand. The ministrations at the remoter churches, undertaken by the Abbey, were, however, often neglected, and the buildings allowed to become ruinous; but the Abbey prospered—its charter of confirmation, still in existence, is dated 1143—until the reign of Edward I. brought disaster upon Scotland. Abbot Adam was forced not only to make submission to the conqueror, but to draw up a list of the National Records preparatory to their being carried off to England like the Stone of Scone; nor was even this the worst, since, on his way to Bannockburn, Edward II. sacked the Abbey as he sacked Melrose. The battle secured the national safety for the time; the Abbey was restored, and Bruce held a Council in the Monastery in 1326. But in 1346 a disaster happened. King David II., the son of the founder, marched into England, taking with him, to ensure the victory of his troops, the greatest treasure of the Monastery, the Black Rood of Scotland, a fragment of the True Cross brought to Scotland by St. Margaret, mother of the founder of the Abbey; he was, however, defeated at Durham, whither the relic was triumphantly carried. The author of the raid was nevertheless buried at Holy-Rood, and was succeeded by Robert, the first of the Stewarts, who resided there in 1373 and 1376; a few years later the Monastery received John of Gaunt as an honoured guest, greatly to its subsequent advantage, since "time-honoured Lancaster" saved it from being burnt in 1385, when Richard II. "brunt Edinburgh," but the Abbey was "savit by the Duke, for he was ligit (lodged) in it afore." It was the Stewarts who made Edinburgh their capital and Holy-rood their palace, so that no other building is so intimately connected with their fortunes. It is curious to read, by the way, that the Queen had a window from a "glas-wrighte" placed in her "chalmire" in 1473, in the Monastery, that is; but it was not long to be the abode of Kings. In 1499, ten years after James IV. had come to the throne, he chose a site within the Abbey precincts for a new Royal Palace, and by 1503 it was ready to receive his bride Margaret Tudor.

But before we turn to the history of the Palace, we must say something of the treasures of the Abbey. Though not so rich in plate and vestments as one or two other Scottish monasteries, Holy-Rood possessed an uncommon object in the shape of a tree of brass, blazing with jewels, placed before the altar; a great brass corona hung on a strong chain from the roof; and a large brazen font, of which we shall hear again, stood in the church. Abbots Crawford and Bellenden were the principal benefactors of the 15th century; the former recovered the temporalities of the Abbey, many of which had been alienated. He rebuilt the damaged building, carving his crest on all the thirty buttresses. Bellenden gave many precious things, such as cups of gold and silver, a gold "challis," and other valuable gifts. But such remains of the Abbey as Scottish ruthlessness had spared, suffragettes destroyed in 1914, and they are as much lost to us as the tree, the jewels or the Rood itself. The site of the palace chosen by James IV. within the precincts of the Monastery proves his love for the place at which he had lived so much, and the building and furnishing accounts, which are still preserved, are interesting. The ironwork was French and Spanish; the glass (imported probably) supplied by the monopolist glass-wright Thomas Peblis; the chairs were made at Hanseatic Bruges and covered with velvet and cloth of gold. Fourteen hundred ermine skins were bought; furniture, plate and tapestries were imported from Flanders; linen and "cloth" from Brittany and Holland were made into sheets; and, as cloth of gold was £22, and velvet £4 10s. the ell, the cost must have been very great. The Queen's crown was made from gold coins melted down, for what reason

does not appear; perhaps to ensure the quality of the metal, alloy not being used for the coinage till long afterwards. The little Queen herself was sent North in charge of Lord Surrey, and James met them at Dalkeith in magnificent attire, "his lyre on his back," to escort her to Holy-Rood. Ten years later, peer and king were to meet again at the point of the sword on the fatal field of Flodden. The reader in search of the picturesque will do well to read Mr. Harrison's account of the tournament held in the Queen's honour, where James himself appeared as the Black Knight upholding the honour of a mysterious Black Lady, who was afterwards rapt away in a cloud.

It is round Mary Queen of Scots that popular interest in Holy Rood centres, and it is for that very reason that we have confined ourselves to what is little known. The story as Mr. Harrison tells it is dramatic, but it covers after all less than six years, and for the palace itself the ill-fated Queen did nothing beyond bequeathing memories. Holy Rood is associated with the coming of age of James VI. (I. of England), with his marriage, with his "Papistical" refitting of the chapel with organs and statues. It was at Holy Rood that Charles I. stayed for his coronation and set up that yet remaining inscription, the very irony of history, which ends, "He shall build ane house for my name, and I will stablish the throne of his Kingdom for ever." Cromwell too restored the palace, which under Charles II. saw those meetings of the Privy Council presided over by the hated Lauderdale which Scott has made immortal; that King also carried through much of the rebuilding which Charles I. had intended. But it was James II. who, as Duke of York, really restored something of its old splendour to Holy Rood, though his Chapel and other Popish innovations were destroyed by the mob after the Revolution. Of the subsequent history of Holy Rood House, the blank that descended on it after the Act of Union; the strange passage of its history when Charles Edward took up his abode there as a Scottish prince; that carelessness which "restored" the place by adding a stone roof which brought down the walls in a year or two and left the bones of kings and queens "lying about like those of sheep and oxen" as John Wesley saw them; of the two French colonies which inhabited it, the one centring round the young Comte d'Artois in 1796, the other round the old and exiled Charles X. in 1830; of George IV.'s visit in 1822, which only Scott's devotion saves from absurdity; of the restorations which have done so much for Holy Rood of late, we have no space to speak. They are dealt with in the pages of this scholarly and entertaining book.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

The Greek Orators. By J. F. Dobson. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

Procopius. Vol. III. Translated by H. B. Dewing. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

The Clouds of Aristophanes. Translated by B. B. Rogers. Bell. 3s. 6d. net.

THERE are still large tracts of classical literature which are rough ground, unreclaimed from the original barbarism of the Middle Ages. Equally large regions have been clumsily built over with school editions, like trim villas, or obscured by unsafe and unsightly edifices in the German style, top-heavy with erudition. Only Sophocles, one might almost say, has been properly cultivated, at the hands of that superb formal gardener Jebb. It is the greatest mistake therefore to imagine that nothing remains to be done, and it is always good news to hear of new work on the rich soil. This has certainly been done by Professor Dobson in his book on the Greek Orators. Jebb, it is true, had been at the subject before him, but he never went so far as to produce a text or edition of the Orators, and in any case it is a vast and controversial subject, on which the last word has by no means been said. Professor Dobson brings an independent judgment to bear, and he summarises, arranges and exhibits his matter very attractively. We feel, however, that pos-

sibly he has not quite aimed at the right mark, or rather aimed at too many marks in giving the book its present form. Some of it is an essay, some of it is a technical commentary. Can the two really be mixed, and still be easily assimilable? Our opinion is that the more granulated portions of such a book will remain underneath, and refuse to dilute with the sweeter substance floating on the top. Thus it is clear from his treatment of the intricate subject of *clausulae* that Professor Dobson has all the qualifications and apparatus for a great edition of the Greek Orators, but much of this more esoteric stuff seems out of place in a work of professedly general appeal. What we should like would be a complete edition and commentary on the one hand, supplemented on the other by a critical essay for the weaker brethren at women's colleges and elsewhere. Apart from this the present work is a useful and readable book, and one for which there was a real demand.

We cannot believe that anything serious can be said in dispraise of the Loeb edition of the classics. It has explored and popularises an immense region of literature, and provides the golden key so that all shades of classical attainment are suited, from the man who disdains a translation altogether except *in extremis*, to his opposite who hugs the English shore and hardly ever ventures into the open waters on the left page.

Procopius, however, is tough matter, and six volumes of him very tough. It is to the credit of the translator that his jam so completely encases the pill. For Gibbon is there all the time, a vast counter-attraction to any English student of the Gothic wars of the sixth century, and his immense weight will draw satellites away from a smaller star, shine it never so brightly. What this admirable book does, however, is to make the original sources accessible to the general reader, and for this we add one more item to our great and growing debt to the Loeb editors.

In the sphere of classical literature it is a remarkable thing that not only does Dr. Rogers's translation of Aristophanes hold the field in its own line, but also stands as the best example of a general method. He has attempted one of the most difficult and bristling tasks of its kind in the world; and he has succeeded. Here was a case, one might have thought, where the thought and above all the humour of the original have petrified into so hard and brittle a substance that it can never be pressed into another mould. But this incredible thing has been done, and the feat has been sustained. The highest praise we can give is to say that the version might almost be read as an original. This gives the measure of its quality, and distinguishes it from most other translations with which we are acquainted.

The volume before us is one of a new issue of the plays, which we are very glad to see. Aristophanes is now available "for the English reader."

IN A YORKSHIRE DALE.

Through a Yorkshire Window. With sixteen plates.
By W. Riley. Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net.

THESE experiences of a long summer spent in a Yorkshire dale by a convalescing soldier make excellent reading. Though not everybody's book, unless for the literary flavour which distinguishes it, we feel sure that the subject itself, as handled by Mr. Riley with both charm and humour, will have a strong appeal to many. Disabled by wounds and shock from further service, the author is recommended by a middle-aged bachelor friend with local knowledge to seek physical

salvation in a Yorkshire dale. Save that it is in the Pennine range, its identity is somewhat carefully concealed in the text, though with a touch of paradox, given away by the illustrations—a series of photographs so good as almost to overcome our objection to the camera in a book of this kind.

Here, in a village one thousand feet above sea-level, twelve miles from a station and twenty-two from a market town, our author settles down for his rest cure, and incidentally to a sympathetic study of the natives and nature. For both purposes the home and family of the village postmaster, also jobmaster and small farmer, provide an admirable vantage point. His host, mild-mannered, gentle and uncharacteristic in type, is yet a man of authority in a neighbourhood which "would sooner lose the earth than inherit it as the reward of meekness." There is a fascinating and imaginative ten-year-old daughter, who discloses to the sympathetic guest still in the sauntering stage, all the mysteries of the adjacent dells and copses. Her faculties have been preternaturally developed by the village schoolmistress, who turns out to be a charming lady in disguise, and, what is more, to the astonishment of the visitor, the fiancée twenty years back of his old friend who sent him here. She had half broken her own heart and wholly broken with her lover at his honest disclosure of an illegitimate but motherless child to whom though, for its own sake alone, he was much attached. So the lady, though always half regretful of her hyper-fastidiousness, and the consequent sacrifice of her happiness, had effaced herself socially, and sought distraction with obvious success as a missionary of civilization to the children of the dale.

Then, under the author's very eyes, things unlooked for outside a novel happen. When the natural son had just fallen at the front, the old lovers came together again, and the now recuperated soldier found himself employed as "best man." But this is merely an incident thrust, as it were, upon a book that aspires to record something better. For we are introduced to all the local characters up the dale, as well as the silent hills that guard it. For a convalescent no better scheme, as a preliminary, could have been hit upon than taking a seat almost daily by his host's fourteen-year-old son, who drove the mail up the valley. The said youth, shrewd, taciturn and contemptuous of his little sister's romanticism, summoned the inmates of each lonely farm or cottage for whom he bore a missive by horn-blow. The wayside interviews which resulted soon put this constant passenger on terms with half the dale, and provided many passages both sad and humorous for his and our delectation. For it was war-time. Anxious wives and mothers responded to the summons, while expectant others for whom the horn moved silent, stood at the gate, and found consolation in the ex-warrior's sympathy and cheery attempt to dissipate their fears. A feeling of competition and rivalry among the daleswomen in the matter of letters increased the depression of the neglected ones. One capable lady found no consolation in the fact of her uncommunicative better-half having won distinction in the field. "He may be all right wi' a bay'net, but he's a poor tool wi' a pen," was her laconic reply to the local tributes to his valour.

With recovered strength the author wanders afoot and far afield over wild moors. He introduces us to various "Vikings"—for the Pennines are Scandinavian—men of flocks and herds, seated patriarchally upon the waste. Upon the hospitality of the raciest of these the wanderer, benighted, drenched, and befogged, was thrown fortuitously. The picture of this great household, governed by an aged, purple-faced,

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gigantic autocrat, is delightful, "an eleventh century King Cnut with a dash of King Cole." Seated at a peat fire, smoking a long pipe, with a tankard beside him, he greeted the stranger with vociferous hospitality. Having reclad and revived him with hot drink, the Viking proceeded to unburden his soul in a tongue almost unintelligible to his guest and in stentorian tones which rose to a roar, when he shouted orders to one or other of the many women that flitted about the huge kitchen. He cared little about the war so long as it didn't interfere with his pastoral avocations. "His sheep-run was his England." The groaning supper-table made the visitor blush for the cynical disregard of the Food Controller. Six more giants made silent and vigorous sword-play on its abundance. Only one was young and had obviously been coerced into a pacifist, for he suddenly broke the silence: "I'se gannen i' the morn, strike me blind if I isn't." A tremendous uproar ensued, till King Cnut crashed his fist on the table and cursed the would-be patriot with all the lung power and wealth of expletive at his command. The youth, however, was not to be cowed this time, but boldly confronting the patriarch, repeated his brief declaration, left the room and apparently the house, "i' the morn." Among the author's many engaging acquaintances the village policeman is particularly cherished; an amiable unambitious soul, devoted to nature and his wife, who lived in constant dread of promotion, which would sever him from his beloved village. No wonder the lighting regulations sorely irked him among neighbours who had never heard the rumbling of a Zep or the throb of a Gotha, and treated his efforts with good humoured contumely.

The aged, silver-haired, scholarly vicar, gentle in demeanour, but a lion when winter storms had to be faced in the path of duty, was so universally beloved that his flock for the most part thought it unnecessary to attend service, so great was their faith in his intercessions!

MUSIC NOTES

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—British composers occupied the first half of the programme at this society's third concert of the season, and did it in such up-to-date fashion as to set us wondering whether the Parisian critic who recently belittled the Elgar symphony would have judged English music differently, had Mr. Landon Ronald taken over Delius, Holst, and Granville Bantock instead. The whole question is, Was M. Florent Schmitt's verdict sincere? If it was, then he simply did not understand Sir Edward Elgar, that is all. But would he have understood the others better? We think he would. Certainly he would not have failed to perceive a fellow-feeling in the Eastern material and modes of expression used by Mr. Holst in his quasi-Algerian suite, 'Beni Mora,' which we found distinctly French in idea as well as treatment, but none the less original and interesting. Paris ought unquestionably to have an opportunity, and an early one, of hearing this clever music, which we greatly prefer to the overwhelming planets pictured by the same pen. As for the Delius violin concerto—so beautifully played again by Mr. Albert Sammons—we should like to see it introduced to Parisian audiences by a violinist as much admired in Paris as Mr. Sammons is here, and one who understands and loves the work as well as he does—yet not by himself. This spontaneous outpouring of lovely violin passages that never seem to end is not a concerto at all in the strict sense, and its vitality and charm are so dependent for their force upon the soul and the art of the player that the choice of the latter practically settles the fate of the music. So, too, we would like our French neighbours to hear Mr. Granville Bantock's fine 'Hymn to Aphrodite,' and recognise its noble lyrical outline and lofty grandeur of declamatory feeling. But we would not entrust its message to Miss Olga Haley, who does not possess either the low notes for the purpose or the breadth of delivery and the dignity and passion befitting this moving appeal. It would have to be sung by a contralto trained in the classic traditions of the French school, in the language "understood of the people," and so pronounced that the words could be heard. Indeed, unless all the essential ideals can be fulfilled (and we have been told that the performance of the Elgar symphony was by no means perfect), it might be better not to experiment with British music in Paris at all. At the Philharmonic last week the above works were exceedingly well done under the direction of Mr. Adrian Boult.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS.—Mr. Anderson Tyrer had already shown at his first two concerts that he did not fear comparison with the greatest, as far as his choice of works was concerned. At the third he displayed equal *sangfroid*, but less direct methods, and his artistic success was proportionately more

complete. The 'Scottish' pianoforte concerto of Sir A. C. Mackenzie is seldom heard, and the F minor of Arensky has yet to become as familiar as the concertos of Tchaikovsky or Rachmaninoff, if it ever can. Consequently Mr. Tyrer basked rather more in the radiance of his own brilliant deeds, and by dint of stirring fewer memories received a more liberal (and perhaps more just) measure of approval. A notable feature was the presentation of a new overture, 'To a Greek Tragedy,' by Mr. Granville Bantock, which made a sufficiently deep impression to kindle the desire for a speedy re-hearing.

Miss Margaret Tilly is another pianist of sound ability whose claims to notice are not to be overlooked. She plays Mozart with peculiar grace and charm, while her Chopin is not only imbued with poetry of tone, touch, and colour, but all the necessary command of dynamic gradations. These qualities were clearly in evidence at Wigmore Hall last week in the Mozart sonata in A major, and in the Fantasia and Scherzo in C sharp minor, which constituted the pick of her Chopin selection. She is a young artist of very high promise.

Two recent givers of recitals, Mr. Douglas Marshall and Mr. Mark Henry Raphael, both belong to the category of those who interpret songs better than they sing them. They know how to choose the right sort of music and construct interesting programmes. They enunciate fairly well: they vary their *timbre* sufficiently to impart character and contrast to their singing; but it is not always a pleasure to listen to the quality of their voices or admire the beauty of a *cantilena* that does not exist. The system of hurried modern vocal training (and frequently its incompetence) is responsible for these growing instances of premature appearance in the concert-room, which neither the advice nor the encouragement of friends can really justify.

Messrs. Sammons and Murdoch performed duet sonatas by Dohnányi, Beethoven, Debussy, and John Ireland before an audience that filled the Wigmore Hall on Saturday afternoon. Their playing, as usual, afforded an object-lesson in unity of ensemble and finished execution.

THE RUSSIAN 'LAHDA.'—This new 'Art Circle' is in close relationship with the training school for the musical and dramatic stage to which we lately drew attention: that is to say, its activities are directed by the same three lights of Russian (or International) Art, MM. Comisarjevsky, Rosing, and Novikoff. The first performance of their so-called Miniature Theatre, given last Friday evening, deserved a larger and more suitable place than Wigmore Hall; but it served to illustrate the unconventional trend of the Lahda's forward movement, also incidentally its capacity for blending serious instruction with humorous burlesque and innocent gaiety. The latter was best displayed in the 'Russian Folk Pictures,' with music by Moussorgsky and Dargomizsky, which came at the end, with Mr. Rosing as the "twopence-coloured" showman. But very quaint also was the dumb show of the children in 'The Nursery' episode; while there were good acting and excellent dancing (by Miss Phyllis Bedells and M. Novikoff) in the extraordinary 'Merry Death' harlequinade of Evreinoff.

THE MONTHLIES

THE NINETEENTH has at least one literary article of value: Mr. Godley takes up the cudgels in 'The Victorians: a Plea for Justice,' for his contemporaries and their guides through the world of letters. He makes a true point when he says that present-day critics judge the writers of the last sixty years rather by their weaknesses than by their strength. 'He knew he was right' is dull; are we to miss Lady Glencora and Mrs. Proudie and the worlds because of that? Modern works, when not studies in local colour, atmosphere, and psychological analysis, are for the most part short stories lengthened out—and the short story is an invention of the Victorian Age. Captain Ewart writes of the 'Brigade of Guards in the European War,' an article whose only begetter is Mr. Stephen Graham's last book. Mr. Neuman writes amusingly of University College, London, in 'Gower Street in the Seventies,' and recalls some famous

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teachers and students there. Mr. Chancellor makes a plea for the rejuvenation of the Surrey side in 'A Nobler and Reconstructed London.' Mr. Eric Parker examines 'The Future of the Sport of Shooting,' and Mr. Stanley Pice explains the beauties and the disabilities of traditional 'Indian Music.' Of political articles the most important are those by Major-General Seely on Air Policy, General Stone on National Defence, and Sir J. D. Rees on India. Articles on the Red Army in Russia and the British in S. Russia are of some slight value. The number closes with a sonnet by Sir William Watson, in which he sings somewhat haltingly 'The Return of Dionysus' to the earth (except the U.S.A.).

THE FORTNIGHTLY has a lot of confused literary feeding, but no joint. Mr. Henry Davray surveys 'French Literary Activity in the Past Year,' from which we gather that the egregious M. Leffranc is about to issue another book in support of his guess as to the writer of Shakespeare's plays. The article is useful, but a little one-sided. Mr. E. Legge gives an account of M. Clemenceau's novel, and the Duc de Richelieu contributes a fantasy of desert life 'The Mirage.' M. Isvolsky's second article on the Bjorkoe Treaty emphasises its anti-English direction. Mr. Hurd shows how the battleship made its power felt throughout the war, and proves that nothing can replace it as our principal arm. There are a number of political and social articles, and a new writer of 'Occasional Notes,' Captain Usher, supplements the efforts of Mr. Frederic Harrison.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW has an entertaining notice of 'Mr. Beckford in Portugal' to make up for the three Prize Essays on the League of Nations. Mr. Heber Hart, K.C., has snaffled the Hundred Guineas. A reminiscent racing article tells of the Voltigeur-Flying Dutchman match, and General Maurice explains 'The Nivelle Affaire.'

BLACKWOOD'S continued articles are as good as ever. The airman's experience of departmental idiocy in East Africa is mild compared with some we have heard of: the mismanagement there beat Mesopotamia into cocked hats. 'The Little Adventure' in North Russia tells the same tale of wasted effort. Mr. Strahan tries to convey to English readers the meaning that Derry Walls bring to a North of Ireland man. Two short stories are readable, 'The Informer' being the better, while the 'Little Pictures' appear for the first time in Alan Graham's treasure tale. 'Musings without Method' deal with a competition in incompetence, Mr. Churchill and Labour Government and with the Peace.

CORNHILL continues Mr. Vachell's new story, which promises well. Mrs. Barnett writes on the Housing Question. Mr. Turnbull finds some new Lamb writings in Hone's 'Every Day Book'; General Aston writes on Propaganda, and L. F. Salzman contributes some notes on 'English Music and Musicians of the Middle Ages.' A very good number.

THE QUARTERLIES

THE QUARTERLY is, this time, in a serious mood and provides very little to interest the purely literary man. Mr. William Miller's is perhaps the only article of any value; it tells the story of Anna Comnena, perhaps the best-known figure of Byzantine history through our introduction to her by Scott in 'Count Robert of Paris.' The other article on Heine and Herten, under the catchpenny title of 'The Jews as a Revolutionary Leaven,' is quite below the 'Quarterly' standard. Prof. Eddington, the best authority in England on the subject, writes on 'Einstein on Time and Space,' and makes his ideas tolerably plain to the un-mathematical reader, as far as it can be done. Major Williams describes the scheme for Army Education during the last months of the War and the Armistice. 'Modern Spiritualism, is discussed, and its dangers to the unbalanced described. 'The Despatches of Sir Douglas Haig' and the works of Lord Fisher receive their due meed of criticism. The remaining articles range from China to Armenia, dallying with French Intemperance, the Capital Levy, and the Wee Free's on the way.

THE EDINBURGH is an exceptionally interesting number, up to its old form. Lord Ernle is quite at his best in an article on 'Latin Prose Fiction,' by which he means Petronius. 'The Golden Ass' is mentioned, but only in a few lines of characterisation. Apuleius is "a Baudelaire of the second century," who wrote down to his public. The 'Satyricon' is the subject of the article, which gives us the main results of modern scholarship as to its authorship, an account of its contents, and a judicious summary of Trimalchio's banquet. Mr. Edmund Gosse finds a congenial soul in Mr. Henry Festing Jones, the biographer and factotum of Samuel Butler, and a less congenial one than could have been expected, considering they emerged from similar educations, in Butler himself. Mr. de Castro has an informing article on the Rev. Stephen Hales, who was one of the first to introduce scientific principles into common life, in short, a founder of the modern science of Hygiene. Mr. Ernest Barker has a first-rate article on the difficulties and the results of the Calcutta University Commission, with its warnings to University men nearer home. Major Bashford writes on the campaign in 'Egypt and Palestine,' and the Bishop of Hereford on 'The Church and Socialism,' while Prof. W. A. Phillips explodes 'The Legend of Perfidie Albion.'

SCIENCE PROGRESS, in addition to those features which make it indispensable to those who wish to keep abreast of the development of modern research, opens up some interesting topics.

A correspondent asks the question as to the international language "Latin or Ido?" to which the natural answer would be, "What's the matter with English?" There is a lively interchange of debate on the subject of Ghosts, an essay on Psychological Methods, and another on 'Dalton's Debt to Democritus,' which has nothing very new in it, but is useful as a reminder. Two good articles are on 'Rhythm in Nature,' thoughtful and attractive; and 'Evolution and Irreversibility,' which is too mathematical for most readers. The editor always succeeds in providing good reviews, and much matter among which the non-scientific reader may browse with profit.

THE FRENCH QUARTERLY has a most useful bibliography of French books as a standing feature to which we would call special attention. M. Ripert writes on 'La Renaissance provençale,' and M. Bury on 'M. René Boylesve,' who has just been received into the Academy. There are two or three very interesting shorter papers on the "decline" of Scott, the borrowings of Gautier from Champollion, and those of M. Pierre Benoit from Sir Rider Haggard.

THE SCOTTISH HISTORICAL REVIEW has a very important article on 'The Causes of the Highland Emigrations of 1783-1803,' by Miss Margaret I. Adam, following up her account of the earlier movement in 1770. Political agitators should read them before talking on the subject again. Sir James Balfour Paul, who knows his Edinburgh from first to last, writes a review of two recent publications under the title of 'Old Edinburgh.' Mr. Bedwell gives a list of Scottish members of the Middle Temple from 1604 to 1869, and Dr. George Neilson introduces us to the Fenwick Improvement of Knowledge Society, which met from 1834 to 1842, and must have been amusing at times. The reviews, which are always a feature, are quite up to the usual level of excellence.

THE CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW has an account of Egyptian Monasticism, and an interesting paper on 'Turkey in Dissolution,' besides its more professional papers. Mr. Pullan writes enthusiastically about 'Serbian Church Architecture' in a review of the 'South Slav Monuments' published last year.

HISTORY has for its "revision" this time the 'English Craft Gilds in the Middle Ages,' by Miss Power. She takes up one by one popular fallacies on the subject and exposes them, but our ignorance of the history of the Gilds is so great that we cannot even now state exactly what foundation there is for them. Prof. Terlingen of Louvain gives us 'The History of the Scheldt,' from the Belgian point of view, of course. The reviews and notes are very good.

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INSURANCE

In the reports of the Life Companies issued last year relating to the business of 1918, there were indications of a great revival of interest in Life Assurance, and many companies announced that the net new life business for 1918 constituted a record. It will be recalled that in connection with the War Loans the companies took the fullest opportunity of placing before the public advantageous schemes combining Life Assurance with a participation in the desirable object of raising the funds so badly needed by the State. The Life Offices are now publishing the figures of their new business for last year, and in almost every case a new record has been set up. The present times are witnessing scenes of unparalleled waste and among the many features which indicate a total disregard for the saner use of money it is a healthy sign to see so much attention paid to Life Assurance. Money has depreciated in value to such an extent that the holder of a life policy must double it in amount, if he desires to leave the same benefits to his beneficiaries, and taxation is so high that those whose Life Assurance is effected chiefly with the object of providing for the death duties, must make much ampler provision. But apart from these special classes of insurance, it seems probable that the public, as a whole, is taking up life assurance seriously, and the Life Offices have been so badly hit by the War, that they need every new life which comes their way. The bigger their volume of good new life business, the sooner will they be able to distribute bonuses on the old liberal scale.

Always the first of the Life Offices to publish its account for the previous year is the National Mutual, and the first report is worth a little consideration, as some of the features exhibited in it are bound to recur in other reports which will appear later. The net new life business amounted to £623,039 by 1,135 policies, and this constituted a record for the Society. The claims were the most favourable for over twenty years, and with the diminution of war claims and the absence of epidemics, companies will find themselves with a useful set-off against the heavy depreciation of recent years. During 1919 the depreciation of the high-class securities held by Life Offices was accentuated, and any realisations could only be effected at considerable loss. There is ample scope for the investment of money at comparatively high rates of interest, but where most of the assets are already invested, a transfer, even though it would result in a higher rate of interest, might be accompanied by an almost disastrous loss of capital value. The general rate of interest shows a tendency to rise, but the net rate does not keep pace, owing to the heavy income-tax.

The National Mutual valuation left the directors with an unenviable absence of choice as to a bonus, and the decision not to declare one for the last quin-

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quennium is in accordance with that of several other offices. A bonus might be declared in the case of policies becoming claims before 1923, but a general declaration must stand over. The difficulty of declaring a general bonus is obvious from the one fact that half of the surplus at the end of 1918 disappeared during 1919, owing to the depreciation of securities. From the bonus point of view Life Assurance is not so attractive as it was, but that is no reason for delaying the taking out of a policy; for Life Assurance will recover its position, and when the declaration of bonuses is resumed, the longer a policy has been in force, the greater will be the benefit accruing to it.

There will be a good deal of curiosity in the next few weeks, as the accounts of the great companies for 1919 are published. The year is believed to have been quite satisfactory, and the very strong position revealed at the end of 1918 will probably be well maintained. The insurance market has been strong and steady, and high prices are in several cases a reflection of the expectation of increased dividends. Companies are more alive than ever to the important position their shares have taken, and the interests of shareholders are likely to receive fuller consideration than ever. It is well that this should be so, for the majority of shares give a trifling return on the capital invested by companies with either State or industrial issues. Compatible with the continued security of the policy-holders and the necessary increase of reserves, it is only right that the shareholders should receive the best return possible on their investment.

THE CITY

To some extent the approach of the Budget is checking Stock Exchange activity. Speculators are wondering how the revision of Income Tax will affect the profits of large successful companies; but it is inconceivable that the tax on profits will be more confiscatory than the Excess Profits Duty, which is still 40 per cent. The report of the Committee on Income Tax is awaited with keen interest.

National and international conferences on exchanges and sensational articles in the daily press on the emaciated pound and the evaporating franc will all do their part in remedying the trouble. There is no patent cure, no short road to recovery. The prescription for the abnormal appreciation of the dollar in comparison with European currencies is reduced expenditure and increased production by Great Britain, France, and the rest.

As regards rupee exchange, it should be candidly admitted that very few men in the City understand it, and those who do are usually incapable of expressing themselves intelligently to the others. The broad effect of the new arrangement is that ten rupees are now exchangeable for one sovereign, whereas previously fifteen rupees were exchangeable for one pound sterling. By fixing the rupee on a gold instead of a sterling basis (sterling and gold being no longer identical values) the rupee becomes stabilised with the dollar under present conditions. Ten rupees are nominally equal to \$4-86½, and the sterling value of the rupee depends upon the dollar value of the pound sterling. With the pound at \$3-25 the rupee is worth about 3s.

The extraordinary rise in the value of the dollar to 6s., as compared with the pre-war 4s. 2d., has created renewed demand for all securities quoted in dollars. There will soon be very little stock left in the London American market. Most of it was requisitioned or sold during the War, and the balance is now being shipped to New York at profitable prices. There is talk of moving the Oil market into the area formerly occupied by dealers in Americans.

Business in Oil shares is still active, but the buying is not so aggressive. It is significant, however, that heavy profit-taking has been absorbed without any special efforts to stimulate public demand. Scottish American Oils have been largely dealt in around £2, though the price looks rather high for £1 shares which were only issued three months ago, and the decision to increase the capital of an infant company from £5,000,000 to £10,000,000 suggests hay-making while the sun shines. The present issued capital is £3,500,000, which at £2 a share means a market capitalisation of £7,000,000 without taking the proposed new issue into consideration; and although this is a good company with fine prospects, it may be some time before dividends to justify the current quotation will be forthcoming.

There is profit-taking also in the Industrial market. The rise in Courtaulds has been checked by reports of competition from the British Cellulose Co., though we imagine that the directors of Courtaulds will be able to take good care of their business. Dunlops seem to have halted for a time at 13, while many holders are securing profits, but their stock is being well taken, and when it is absorbed, a further advance is probable.

The Kafir market and other gold shares should be blazing with gold quoted at 125s. as compared with the old standard price of 75s. per fine ounce; but although prices are not booming, there is a very good tone, and shareholders who have patience for a few months will see increased dividends and good profits.

Only one week remains for subscriptions to the new issue of Exchequer 5½ per cent. bonds. The period for application for old Exchequers into new has now expired. No special efforts have been made by the Treasury to encourage either conversions or cash subscriptions, and it is too late to start a campaign now. Presumably the banks may be relied upon to contribute the necessary total, that being the reason why no special appeal has been made to the public.

Bovril has been able to earn record profits in 1919 (£247,879 against £181,058) without making any increase in the price of the product. Cost of materials and working expenses have risen, as in other manufacturing concerns; everybody knows how much dearer bottles are, for example; but the enhanced profit and higher dividend (8 per cent. against 5½ per cent. on the deferred shares) have been made out of the bigger turnover of business, which speaks well for the management and the future.

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BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1919.

LIABILITIES.			ASSETS.		
Capital—	£	s. d.	Cash—	£	s. d.
Authorised £33,000,000			In hand and at Bank of England	58,766,910	7 2
1,414,198 Shares of £20 each, £5 pa'd	£7,070,990	0 0	Money at Call and Short Notice	18,794,487	8 1
1,432,728 Shares of £1 each, fully paid	1,432,728	0 0	Bills Discounted	77,561,397	15 3
	8,503,718	0 0	Investments—	49,351,485	2 6
Reserve	8,750,000	0 0	War Loans at cost and other Securities of, or guaranteed by, the British Government (of which £1,190,613 2s. 11d. is lodged for Public Accounts, and for the Note Issue in the Isle of Man)	59,848,908	6 3
Current Deposit and other Accounts, including provision for Contingencies	304,547,726	10 5	Indian and Colonial Government Securities, Indian Government Guaranteed Railway Stocks and Debentures, British Corporation Stocks, and British Railway Debenture Stocks	587,084	4 11
Notes in Circulation in the Isle of Man	18,351	0 0	Other Investments	1,863,698	12 5
Acceptances, Endorsements, etc.	23,704,365	14 10	London County and Westminster Bank (Paris) Limited—		
Rebate on Bills not due	300,346	15 2	8,000 £20 Shares, fully paid	850,000	0 0
PROFIT AND LOSS.			92,000 £20 Shares, £7 10s. paid		
Net Profit for the year, including £377,560 7s. 5d. brought from year 1918, £2,832,567 8s. 6d. From this the following appropriations have been made:			Ulster Bank, Limited—		
Interim Dividend of 10 per cent. paid in August last	£494,969	6 0	199,665 £15 Shares, £2 10s. paid	1,909,296	11 3
Investment Depreciation	1,000,000	0 0	Advances to Customers and other Accounts (including pre-moratorium Stock Exchange Loans)	128,090,982	18 7
Reserve	165,720	15 0	Liability of Customers for Acceptances, Endorsements, etc., as per contra	23,704,365	14 10
Bank Premises Account	100,000	0 0	Bank and other Premises (at cost, less amounts written off)	3,029,166	1 11
Bank War Memorial	100,000	0 0			
Leaving for payment of a further Dividend of 10 per cent. on 2nd February, 1920 (making 20 per cent. for year) on the £20 shares	494,969	6 0			
and for a dividend of 6½ per cent. on £1 shares	62,681	17 0			
And a Balance to carry forward	414,226	4 6			
	£346,796,385	7 11		£346,796,385	7 11

WALTER LEAF,
R. HUGH TENNANT,
M. C. TURNER, } *Directors.*

F. J. BARTHORPE,
J. C. ROBERTSON,
W. H. INSKIP,
W. J. WOOLRICH, *Chief Accountant.* } *Joint General Managers.*

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and compared it with the Books at Lothbury, Lombard Street and Bartholomew Lane, and the Certified Returns received from the Branches.

We have verified the Cash in hand and Bills Discounted at Lothbury, Lombard Street and Bartholomew Lane, and the Cash at the Bank of England.

We have examined the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notice, and have verified the Investments of the Bank.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and in our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Company.

TURQUAND, YOUNGS & CO.,
KEMP, SONS, SENDELL & CO.,
PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.,
STEAD, TAYLOR & STEAD } *Chartered Accountants,*

Auditors.

LONDON, 22nd January, 1920.



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